

The Academy and Literature.

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The Literary Week.

IN this issue is included a Supplement containing twenty-three columns giving the titles of new books and new editions that are being published during the present season. The harvest of the past week includes seventeen novels. Among other books published during the past seven days we note the following:—

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS TRAHERNE, B.D. Edited by Bertram Dobell.

Now first published from the original manuscripts. "The author of the poems contained in the present volume" says Mr. Dobell, "belongs to that small group of religious poets which includes Herbert, Vaughan, and Crashaw, though he is much more nearly allied to the authors of 'The Temple' and 'Silex Scintillans' than to the lyricist of Roman Catholicism." The story of the discovery of Traherne's manuscripts is curious. In 1888 they were sold by the family in whose hands they had probably been for some generations, and in 1896 or 1897 some of them had descended to the street bookstall. Two were discovered and bought for a few pence by Mr. W. T. Brooke, who showed them to Dr. Grosart. Dr. Grosart took them to be Henry Vaughan's work, and at the time of his death he had in hand an edition of Vaughan in which Traherne's work was to be included. Finally the manuscripts came into Mr. Dobell's possession, to which good fortune we are indebted for the present volume.

POLAND: A STUDY OF THE LAND, PEOPLE AND LITERATURE. By George Brandes.

The first part of the volume, called "Observations and Appreciations," is divided into four "Impressions," dated 1885, 1886, 1894, and 1899; the second part deals with the "Romantic Literature of Poland in the Nineteenth Century." Dr. Brandes does not, in the ordinary traveller's way, devote much space to the itineraries of travel; he discusses social, national, and economic questions on a basis of historical and first-hand evidence. In the concluding chapter we read: "Again and again

we return to the thought: How symbolic this Poland is! For in this period, what other lot than that of the Pole has every one had, who has loved freedom and wished it well? What else has he experienced but defeat? When has he seen a gleam of sunshine? When has he heard a signal of advance?"

CORRESPONDENCE OF LADY BURGHESHER WITH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Edited by her Daughter Lady Rose Weigall.

A correspondence extending over five and forty years. Lady Rose Weigall says in her preface: "The reason for the publication of this correspondence is that some of the few survivors of those who lived in intimacy with the Duke of Wellington during the latter years of his life have felt that some recent publications . . . have unintentionally done injustice to his character as a man, representing him as hard, stern and unsympathetic—one to be greatly admired and feared, but not loved." The letters here printed are simple, direct, and sincere. The last letter concludes, "I will be at Dover at the moment when you should reach that place," and it is endorsed by Lady Burghersh, "He died on the morning of September 14, the Tuesday on which he proposed to meet me."

FRANCE certainly has the art of honouring adequately at the last moment her intellectual workers. The obsequies of Gaston Paris were a most impressive and fine spectacle. There was less a suggestion of mourning about them than an immense national act of homage. To rest while all that is most distinguished in Paris defiles before one's remains, is a reward that honourably justifies ambition. The cortège, composed of all the learned bodies of France, and foreign delegates, wended slowly from the church to the Collège de France, which was magnificently decorated in trappings of woe. The immense gate was draped within and without, the centre lamp, lighted, was covered with crape, the chapel, all black and silver, was lit with many tapers, and as the coffin entered military honours were rendered, and the band played Chopin's Funeral March.

THE "Burlington Magazine," the first number of which lies before us, touches the high-water mark of art journal production in this country. We have been getting used to sumptuousness in this regard, and now it has, in the "Burlington," reached a point beyond which wisdom will hardly go. The appeal of the magazine is to connoisseurs, and to collectors who are real collectors, that is to say, to those who buy to enjoy and not to wait for rises in market values. The opening editorial article takes rather too high a tone; there was no need, in touching on the value of the study of old art, to depreciate the new in quite such strong terms. "There are artists," the writer admits, "who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of false sentiment and fatuous cheerfulness," for which admission we may be thankful when we read a little further on that "scarcely any one notes that modern painting, whatever merits it may possess, is not oil painting at all, but a margarine substitute." However, the enthusiasm born of a first number and a new venture may be forgiven certain lapses if it really produces something good, and the "Burlington" is unquestionably good. The ambition of the magazine is expressed thus:—

Finally . . . we may hope—or at least endeavour—to remove a curious and shameful anomaly, this namely, that Britain, alone of all cultured European countries, is without any periodical which makes the serious and disinterested study of ancient art its chief occupation. The anomaly is the more surprising in that the great English aristocratic collectors of the last two centuries showed an independence of judgment, a subtlety of taste such, that even now, in spite of recent depredations, England remains a place of pilgrimage for lovers of the finest creations of past times.

Amongst the contributors to this issue are Mr. Bernard Berenson, Mr. Herbert P. Horne, and Mr. James Weale. The illustrations are numerous, and the page and type clear and well arranged.

THE "Connoisseur" is an art journal of a less exclusive description than the "Burlington"; its aims, indeed, are frankly in the direction of popularity. The second of the portfolios issued by this periodical contains a summary of the life and work of Velasquez, together with reproductions of ten of the Master's pictures, of which three are in colour. These reproductions, in so handy a form, are really something to be thankful for. Each picture is lightly attached to a grey mount; in one or two instances the grey hardly supplies a suitable background. A little care in the selection of proper backgrounds would add to the value of such publications.

THE latest volume in Mr. Heinemann's "Century of French Romance" is Daudet's "The Nabob." Concerning it Prof. Trent says in his introduction: "It is probably the most broadly effective of all Daudet's novels; it is fuller of striking scenes; and as a picture of life in the picturesque Second Empire it is of unique importance." The book was written with infinite labour; its composition occupied eight months, and sometimes Daudet worked on it for eighteen consecutive hours, "often waking from restless sleep with a sentence on his lips." Of the author of "Sapho"—which, by the way, Prof. Trent seems rather to underrate—he says: "Alphonse Daudet is one of those rare writers who combine greatness with a charm so intimate and appealing that some of us would not, if we could, have their greatness increased."

THE Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, now possesses a complete set, amounting to sixty-seven volumes, of the books printed by William Morris at the Kelmscott Press.

Each volume has an inscription to Mr. Philip Webb in Morris's autograph, and the college is indebted to Mr. Webb for this fine gift. Whatever we may think about the unsuitability of means to ends in certain of the Kelmscott productions, it cannot be doubted that in the main their influence was true to the cause of beauty and reverence.

IN America there seems to be a revival of interest in the novels of Anthony Trollope, a revival which the Chicago "Dial" discusses with point. In England Trollope has never quite fallen out, though few modern readers know much more than his name. He wrote far too much, and in a way helped to kill his own reputation; success to him implied the illusive necessity of enormous production, so that he piled book upon book and overwhelmed the good with the indifferent; he was never wholly bad. Says the writer in the "Dial":—

The quality which has invariably been recognised, by even the least favourable of his critics, and which makes him quite unapproachable on his own ground, is his absolute naturalness. In all his books there is no single touch of exaggeration. Not one of his characters talks in a fashion too fine or too melodramatic for real life; not the divine Jane herself was freer from any taint of the "big bow-wow style." To quote Hawthorne's formerly familiar praise, his books are "as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their business, and not suspecting that they were being watched."

Nowadays perhaps that very naturalness tells against Trollope, and his delicate simplicity is taken for weakness when, in fact, it is quite genuine art. The "Dial's" contributor concludes:—

After the various dilutions of Scott and Dumas have quite lived out their hour, the field will again belong to the novel in its less boisterous aspects. Said George Moore, in one of his characteristic criticisms, "Henry James went abroad and read Turgeneff; Mr. Howells staid at home and read Henry James." The practice seems to have been productive of sufficiently good results, and is worth recommending. The novelists of to-morrow have much to gain by reading Anthony Trollope.

We trust that the novelists of to-morrow will read Trollope; perhaps it would be too much to expect the novelists of to-day to find sufficient time for so healthy an exercise.

THE next portion of the Oxford English Dictionary to be published will be a double section, containing the words from "Onomastical" to "Outing," 3,885 in all, with 13,253 illustrative quotations. Dr. Murray points out that *out*-verbs as a class were apparently eschewed by Shakespeare's contemporary, Bacon, and he says: "It is noteworthy that while Shakespeare uses 54 of these verbs, for 38 of which he is our first, and for nine of them our only authority, we cite Bacon only for two, one of which, indeed, *outshoot*, had, in those days of archery, been in common use for more than seventy years. The contrast between the language of Bacon and that of Shakespeare in this respect is the more striking, seeing that other contemporary authors, e.g., Ben Jonson, used these *out*-verbs almost as freely as Shakespeare himself, without however yielding anything like the same number of first instances." The number of words in the Dictionary, including the forthcoming double section, totals up to 165,654.

THE troubles of ordinary dictionary-making are considerable enough, but a dialect dictionary presents, in certain directions, even greater difficulties. The "Periodical"

gives some interesting particulars concerning Prof. Wright's great "English Dialect Dictionary," a work, as we stated some time ago, undertaken at Prof. Wright's personal expense. For the purpose of the dictionary some six thousand books have been consulted, and as many queries are sent out yearly by the professor and his staff. Upwards of four hundred glossaries in MS. have also been consulted in addition to the printed works. The staff consists entirely of women, all of whom, with one exception, have attained first-class honours in the School of English Language and Literature.

DR. GARNETT a few days ago delivered, at the annual meeting of the Home Reading Union, an address on the subject of reading and free libraries, and the possibilities of a more active co-operation between such institutions, have the Union and the Libraries. Dr. Garnett said:—

We have in the free library a most powerful instrument of culture, entirely in harmony with the views and aims of the National Home-Reading Union, but one whose actual employment for true culture depends upon the feeling of a highly democratic constituency. We have much reason to fear that the ends of true culture are as yet but imperfectly subserved by this powerful instrument, resting this opinion chiefly upon the undue amount of merely amusing literature in circulation, judging by the very high percentage of novels to the total issues. We know that this is extremely natural, and no subject of reproach to the institutions, which must to a considerable degree take their colour from their public. But, on the other hand, we feel that, if the librarian's constituency is as yet too little cultured to appreciate the best literature, this is no reason why it should always remain so, and we feel sure that the higher the class of literature in common use at the free library the more nearly the library corresponds to the intention of those who set it on foot.

That is a clear statement of the case. How, then, is the undeveloped but "powerful instrument" of public taste to be improved? By such an association as the Home Reading Union, Dr. Garnett thinks, acting upon public taste directly in co-operation with a guiding influence on the part of librarians. Certainly such co-operation should do a good deal. There are scores of people ready to take a librarian's advice if he be only willing to give it. Those who insist on reading rubbish must, we suppose, for the present be supplied with it. The free library is too democratic an institution to assume critical powers and exclude the foolish and the banal from its shelves.

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, with the assistance of the representatives and friends of the late General, is writing a biography of the late General Wauchope. He will gratefully receive any letters of General Wauchope's in the hands of correspondents. All letters will be carefully copied, and the originals returned. They may be addressed to Sir George Douglas, Bart., at 39, Thurloe Square, London, S.W.

On Monday last there were sold at Messrs. Sotheby's a number of books and manuscripts from which we select the following items:—

CHARLOTTE AND ANNE BRONTË.

Anne Brontë (Acton Bell), *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, her own copy with autograph notes, £32.

Autograph MS. of *Miscellaneous Poems* by Charlotte Brontë, entirely in her handwriting, £25.

Another Autograph MS. of Charlotte Brontë, descriptive of an evening service at Ebenezer Chapel, £12 15s.

At the same time there were sold two holograph poems by Burns, which fetched £125, and a collection of the writings of Bunyan, containing 277 volumes, many of

which were original editions. This collection was sold for £205. The Brontë and the Bunyan prices strike us as distinctly low. If the Bunyan collection had been divided into a dozen lots we imagine the total amount realised would have been well over £205.

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND has an article in the "North American Review" on "Sanity in Fiction." The great American representative of sanity in fiction to Mr. Garland is Mr. W. D. Howells. The writer sets out with the very proper idea that fiction should not deal exclusively with murder and sudden death. "The democrat of our day," he says, "is on the look out for sensations"; he desires to get away from the familiarity and boredom of his own existence by reading of "the far-off, the grandiose, something outside his own life, something to thrill, to excite." That desire of modern democracy both American and English novelists have more than satisfied, yet there are many books of quite another order which have achieved success. We begin to think that perhaps after all the fault lies quite as much with the sensational novelist as with the public; it is infinitely easier to write of murders and unusual phases of morbidity than to describe sympathetically what is part of everyday experience. When the novelists whom Mr. Garland deprecates touch simple things they usually flounder hopelessly. Mr. Howells has always, or nearly always, avoided any approach to crude melodrama, and accordingly Mr. Garland hails him as "the most American, the most sympathetic, the truest writer in American fiction." We may respect Mr. Garland's opinion without agreeing with it. With the last sentence of his article, however, we cannot at all agree: "We can safely challenge the world to produce his equal in sanity, sympathy and humorous insight." Such an assertion make us wonder what knowledge of fiction Mr. Garland really has.

MR. BERTRAM DOBELL's forthcoming "Sidelights on Charles Lamb" has a dedicatory sonnet to one of Charles and Mary Lamb's latest editors, which concludes thus:—

Unlovely traits that cannot daylight bear,
Too oft deep search in seeming goodness shows:
But thou mayst fearless seek, since only fair
Actions and thoughts thy delvings can disclose:
From every shadow of dishonour free,
Clear is their fame, and clear shall ever be.

A GOOD many minor inaccuracies in Thackeray have already been ferretted out by careful readers, and an additional one has been discovered by a correspondent of the "Saturday Review." Amongst the presents received by Amelia when she married George Osborne was a gold watch, presented by Captain Dobbin. Later Thackeray tells us that "Mrs. Osborne had no watch, though to do George justice, she might have had one for the asking." If novelists only knew that they were writing for an assiduous posterity they might avoid these blunders.

MR. JOHN BICKERDYKE has been telling readers of the "Author" how the phonograph may be used for literary purposes. You should, it appears, buy a £15 machine for yourself and a £5 one for your amanuensis—every literary man nowadays, of course, keeps at least one amanuensis. The cylinder of the phonograph will take 800 words, and it costs a shilling. It can be shaved twenty times, so that for your shilling you can record 16,000 words. We have not ourselves yet taken to the phonograph; the mere contemplation of the possibility shakes our nerves.

THE success of the "Hibbert Journal" has been remarkable, and shows that there is a large public ready to support a serious review of religion, theology, and philosophy. Three reprints of the first number were called for within two months of publication, and after the type had been broken up the publishers found it necessary to have it reset. Of the second number three impressions have already been sold.

SIR HENRY FOWLER, we note, has resigned his position as Chairman and a Director of Messrs. Cassell & Company. In moving the adoption of the report at the annual meeting, Sir Henry Fowler stated that the profit in 1900 amounted to £17,071, in 1901 to £25,361, and in 1902 to £26,764.

THE "Periodical" has received the following quaint request from an Indian reader: "Will you be good enough to us to increase my knowledge through 'The Period,' placing time to time upon my table it for ever in future for the sake of Savior."

Bibliographical.

MORE than once, of late, I have congratulated bibliographers upon the signs of a growing interest in their pursuit, as seen in the increase in the number of bibliographies which form part and parcel of contemporary memoirs. The name of "bibliography" is, however, sometimes taken in vain. There is one in the new Life of Miss Yonge and another in the new Life of Bret Harte, but neither is strictly what it calls itself. Miss Coleridge supplies a chronological list of Miss Yonge's successive publications, and very useful it will no doubt be to many, but a bibliography, in the right sense, it is not. (I note that Miss Coleridge does not omit to record one of Miss Yonge's rare efforts in literary criticism—her article on Lady Georgina Fullerton, Mrs. Stretton, and Miss Anne Manning in "Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign," 1897.) Mr. Pemberton does for Bret Harte less than Miss Coleridge does for Miss Yonge. He supplies a list of his hero's writings, but only in groups of his own making, and only in some instances with the date of composition or publication. All this is better than nothing, no doubt, but it is not precisely "bibliography."

I see that Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, in his monograph on "Canning and his Times," gives the following reading of Canning's famous rhythmical despatch to Sir Charles Bagot, then English Ambassador at The Hague:—

Dear Bagot, in commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much;
So since on this policy Mynheer is bent,
We'll clap on his vessels just 20 per cent.

It would be interesting if Mr. Marriott would kindly give his authority for so printing the familiar *jeu d'esprit*. The version hitherto accepted is that which Mr. Locker-Lampson included in his "Lyra Elegantiarum" (page 148, ed. 1891), and on which Mrs. Bagot set the seal of her approval in her recent volume of memoirs. "As I have seen it wrongly quoted on several occasions, I venture to append it," says Mrs. Bagot; and what she appends is identical (save for the misprint of a letter) with the lines as Locker-Lampson gives them. One is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Marriott's reading is inaccurate.

Miss Harriett Jay's appearance as the biographer of Robert Buchanan has drawn attention to her previous

literary performances, and I have been asked to give a list of them. She seems to have begun her career as a storyteller in 1875 with "The Queen of Connaught," which was followed by "The Dark Colleen" in 1876, "Madge Dunraven" in 1879, "Two Men and a Maid" and "The Priest's Blessing" in 1881, "Through the Stage Door" and "My Connaught Cousins" in 1883, "A Marriage of Convenience" in 1885, and "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" in 1897. The last-named appears to have been founded on the comedy of that name in which Buchanan and Miss Jay collaborated, and which had a good deal of success for a time. Miss Jay, indeed, worked with her brother-in-law on more than one stage piece, and has had, moreover, a fair measure of experience as an actress. Her *nom-de-guerre* as a dramatist was "Charles Marlowe."

The inclusion of Crabbe's "Borough" in "The Temple Classics" is the latest testimony to the renewed vogue of "Nature's sternest painter"—a vogue which seems to date from 1886, when Messrs. Cassell reprinted some of his verse in their "National Library." Then in 1888 came Mr. T. E. Kebbel's biography of Crabbe in the "Great Writers" series and E. Lamplough's selection from his Poems. This led up to the selection by Henry Morley, published in 1891 and reprinted in 1898, to Mr. Bernard Holland's selection in 1899, and to Mr. Murray's reproduction of the Complete Works in 1901. Edward FitzGerald's enthusiastic references to Crabbe have also had much to do with the revival of the latter's popularity.

The literary interests of Edith Wharton are evidently by no means confined to fiction. She first became generally known by "A Gift from the Grave" (1900), but two years previously she had been concerned with another in the production of a book on "The Decoration of Houses." The "Gift from the Grave" was also preceded (in 1899) by "The Greater Inclination and Other Stories." Now she is to give us an English translation of "Es Lebe das Leben," the play by Sudermann in which we are all hoping to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell before long.

The announcements of additions to the "English Men of Letters" series come fast upon each others' heels. In the case both of Maria Edgeworth and of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the new biographers will find themselves with plenty of material. It is scarcely a decade since the late Mr. Augustus Hare gave us, in two volumes, the "Life and Letters of Miss Edgeworth," which, again, had been preceded, also by nearly a decade, by the monograph on Miss Edgeworth contributed by Miss Helen Zimmern to the "Eminent Women" series. Much larger of course, is the D. G. Rossetti literature—from the memoir written for the "Great Writers" series (1887), down (through the three volumes of correspondence) to the letters and memoranda published of late by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and the little monograph by Mr. F. M. Hueffer which came out last year.

The promised new edition of Hakluyt will be very acceptable. The famous Voyages have been rather neglected of late years. In 1881 Messrs. De la Rue published the "Voyages of English Seamen to America," and between 1886 and 1889 Messrs. Cassell issued three selections from the great work, under the titles of "Voyagers' Tales," "The Search for the North-West Passage," and "The Discovery of Muscovy." Otherwise, Hakluyt has slumbered.

The death of M. Ernest Légouvé reminds me that, just ten years ago, his "Sixty Years of Recollections" were translated and annotated by Mr. Albert D. Vandam, and published in two volumes by Messrs. Eden and Remington. The work is one of the most readable and interesting of its kind.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Professor and the Poet.

WORDSWORTH. By Walter Raleigh. (Arnold. 6s.)

So much has been written about Wordsworth, so much, too, which in no way tended to enlightenment, that the critic approaches a new study of his work and personality with some uneasiness. Perhaps in the case of Prof. Raleigh there was no cause for such uneasiness; certainly, when we close this volume, the uneasiness has given place to gratefulness and satisfaction. The author has clearly established his right to stand with the few who have really done something as interpreters and appreciators of Wordsworth. We can give Prof. Raleigh's work no higher praise than to say that it may be read side by side with Mr. F. W. H. Myers's beautiful monograph without too great a sense of weakness or disproportion. To some readers the fact that it lacks something of Mr. Myers's exquisite spiritual insight may be counted as gain, for Mr. Myers was so pre-occupied with matters of the spirit that perhaps his tendency was to force parallels and to interpret one of the most spiritual of poets in terms of his own belief. Prof. Raleigh appears to have no aim other than that of illustrating and illuminating his author by means of careful, sincere and profound study of his work. He refuses to separate Wordsworth, the supreme poet, from Wordsworth the uninspired and indifferent versifier; he declines to accept the attitude practically adopted by some critics that there were two Wordsworths, the "less loquacious of the two" being inspired, which leads to the assumption that "the poet is no longer a man speaking to men, but a reed through which a god fitfully blows." This position, with many poets, could hardly be defended, but with Wordsworth, who was essentially a single-minded and philosophical poet, it only needs postulating for the instant perception of its truth. It may be said, of course, with justice that when Wordsworth was least philosophical, when he was overwhelmed with a sense of beauty or caught up by a divine memory, he was greatest as a poet. But, after all, those supreme visitings were not too common; Wordsworth was a poet rather of passionate contemplation than of direct lyrical impulse: he glorified memory by experience, and touched the past, his own past, with the almost unimaginable glow of accumulated perceptions. And out of this method there came forth a sublimated truth founded actually upon experience and life itself—a narrow life and narrow experience it may be, but nevertheless capable of infinite adjustments to human needs because of its most profound sincerity.

Prof. Raleigh writes:—

Of Wordsworth . . . it is hardly true to say that his strength and his weakness are closely knit up together; rather they are the same; his strength at its best is weakness made perfect, his weakness is the wasteful ebullition of his strength. It may be just and necessary to pronounce some of his poems childish, and others dull or silly; it cannot be right to neglect them on that account, if we remember that the teachers whom he most revered, and from whom he learned the best part of his lore, were children, rustics, men of simple habits and slow wits.

In that statement the author, we think, goes too far, though he corrects it somewhat in his later chapter on "Poetic Diction." There is really no reason in the world why poems inspired by "children, rustics, men of simple habits and slow wits" should be either "childish, dull, or silly." Often these results were brought about by Wordsworth's persistent use of a vernacular which was not a vernacular at all; in aiming at a simplicity based upon an impracticable theory he often landed himself in the deeps of bathos. The fault, indeed, lay not with his teachers but with himself, and mainly in a lack of humour

and the absence of a sense of the incongruous. And it has always appeared to us that Wordsworth's knowledge of individuals stopped short of real knowledge; we are always haunted by the feeling that his rustics are not studies from within; we see the philosopher by the roadside or on the mountain asking questions and giving us the answers which he received after passing them through the crucible of his own personality. Children, we are told, were rather afraid of him, and the instinct of the rustic and the child are often one. We do not conceive of Wordsworth as an actor in fire-side revels, an explorer of actual motive in others, a searcher after emotions in the very heat of action. He had no spirit of adventure. When, in the Fourth Book of the "Prelude," he meets with the soldier who "tells in few plain words a soldier's tale," he merely finds shelter for the man in a wayside cottage, and leaves him with the entreaty that he will not linger in the public highway, but ask for help when he needs it. There, we must consider, was an opportunity wasted; at once the poet's eye is turned in again upon himself. Wordsworth's treatment of the Cumberland dalesmen, says Prof. Raleigh, "would have been suitable enough for royalty itself." That is to say that Wordsworth hardly approached them in the best spirit, and though we must respect him for his aloof tenderness and consideration, we feel assured that it was not intimate enough for the knowledge which touches to the life. We have said so much concerning this phase of Wordsworth's personality because both Prof. Raleigh and Mr. Myers lay great stress upon the poet's truthful delineation of country character. Mr. Myers went so far as to say: "We may almost venture . . . to assert that no writer since Shakespeare has left so true a picture of the British nation"—an assertion with which we cannot at all agree.

As a self-interpreter and as an interpreter of nature through the medium of a personality which had trained the inner vision to the utmost of sane capacity, if we may use the phrase, Wordsworth stands supreme. No other such honest poetical autobiography exists as the "Prelude"; it is the story of a development glorified indeed by memory, but never swerving from the plain road of truth. It was Wordsworth's way to treasure memories and experiences until some later flash of insight set them in their true relation or shed upon them the glory which was their proper consummation; he waited, in a kind of rapt humility, "for the light from heaven to fall." Prof. Raleigh well says:—

True vision, he held, is not to be attained by any sort of intellectual elaboration, but by a purging of the eye, an intense and rare simplicity of outlook. He was haunted by a sense that truth was there, directly before him, filling the whole compass of the universe—the greatest and most obvious and clearest of all things, if only the eye could learn to see it. But the tricky and ill-trained sense of man moves vacantly over its surface and finds nothing to arrest attention; sees nothing, indeed, until it is caught by the antics of some of its old accomplices. . . . For himself, he sought admittance to the mystery by two principal means. It is something to rid the mind of petty cares and to be still and attentive, but it is not enough. There are guides to the heights of contemplation; and there are fortunate moments of excitement that roll away the clouds against which the traveller has long been straining his baffled eyesight.

It was for "the illumination which comes from the transfiguring power of high-wrought emotions" that Wordsworth waited. He sometimes mistook the illumination; in a mind so self-centred the light evolved from within was now and then accepted as an authentic visitation from without. Yet sometimes the two lights seemed to meet and mingle in a beauty which was both of earth and spirit; so they mingled in "Lines written above Tintern Abbey" and in the "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." In those two poems we have Wordsworth at a best unapproached and it may well be unapproachable.

Prof. Raleigh's summary of Wordsworth's outlook and teaching in the chapters entitled "Nature" and "Humanity" is admirable in the main, though he relies perhaps too much upon the poet's ideal as opposed to his actual achievement. What we have is, after all, the only thing upon which to found criticism; the best possible intention will not save any form of art from criticism or rebuke, nor should it save it. The lump of silver may be brooded over by an imagination greater than that of Cellini, but if the imagination cannot express itself in exquisite form its effective result must remain amongst the minor or forgotten things. Many lovers of Wordsworth have carried their devotion into a kind of petulant anger against critics who have refused to accept intention for accomplishment. Prof. Raleigh is never petulant, but he occasionally is inclined to claim too much for mere intention. In the case of such a poet as Wordsworth this is rather to confuse issues; his accomplishment is so great and so supreme that we need no explanation of failures inevitably incident to every human endeavour. We are sometimes inclined to regret that Wordsworth was so lavish of commentary on his own work; he exhibited at times an annoying incapacity to let well alone.

Towards the end of his brief concluding chapter, Prof. Raleigh says:—

He failed, it must be admitted, in many of the things that he attempted; failed more signally and obviously than other great poets who have made a more prudent estimate of human powers and have chosen a task to match their strength. He pressed onward to a point where speech fails and drops into silence, where thought is baffled, and turns back upon its own footsteps. But it is a good discipline to follow that intense and fervid spirit, as far as may be, to the heights that denied him access.

There is no danger nowadays that Wordsworth will be given a lower place than he deserves, and it is true that those who know him best grow into an increasing love and reverence for him. Even in his most pedestrian moments, even when the very technicalities of his art seem to have slipped beyond his reach, we feel the breathings of an august spirit and the glimmerings of some not wholly forgotten "clouds of glory." No poet ever devoted himself more singly to his life-work than Wordsworth, and no poet ever had a fuller reward. He outlived his impulse, and his old age was practically songless; the ashes of his youth could not be fanned into more than the most fitful flame. But that youth was splendid and immortal.

Not so Black as They are Painted.

THE TALE OF A TOUR IN MACEDONIA. By G. F. Abbott.
With illustrations. (Edward Arnold. 14s. net.)

IN 1900, under the auspices of Cambridge University, Mr. Abbott, in order to study the folk-lore of Macedonia, made a tour through that troublous land. A work embodying his scientific observations is about to be published by the University Press. Meanwhile here we have a casual, chatty, entertaining record of what he calls his adventures. These were never very perilous; but they were always amusing, and sometimes instructive. They began soon after he had crossed the frontier between Serbia and the Turkish Empire. At the railway station of Zebrevtche, all the possessions in the traveller's innocent packing cases would have been impounded had he been unwilling to bribe the Youmbrouk Mudir by a gift of Dante's "Divina Commedia." The precautions taken against dangerous intrusions into the Sultan's realms are stringent in the extreme. On the day when Mr. Abbott was well-nigh suffering confiscation of his gear, the scrutinizing officer thought there must be dynamite in the baggage of a man who turned out to be a commercial traveller from Austria;

the kodak of a middle-aged Swiss governess was regarded as manifestly an infernal machine; and a grammar of the German language was believed to be a lampoon on the Shadow. If one may judge from Mr. Abbott's sprightly chronicle, Mount Athos is the only region under the Sultan's sway where residents and pilgrims are immune from annoying and even tyrannical suspicion. Everywhere else, all save the Mahomedans are suspect and oppressed. It is taxation, mainly, that grinds them down. The system is ancient and drastic. On hearing that the taxildars are coming, the headman of a village calls a council of the elders; these draw up a list of the taxpayers, and assign to each his share in the total burden. This plan is not so objectionable as it may seem to people, like ourselves, who are accustomed to more elaborate methods of assessment. Far from being an Ottoman invention, it is a survival of the Roman *curia*, the board of landowners, imported into the Eastern Empire by Constantine the Great; and, as Mr. Abbott admits, it "gives scope to the exercise of some fine human qualities." If a villager is down in the world, his less unfortunate brother pays for him. The council thinks that George, who has two sons, both able-bodied, should assist the poor decrepit neighbour John, whose children are so young that they are only a burden to their parents. In this manner the sum which the village has to pay, an amount arrived at by a rough computation of the populace, is made up by neighbourly compromises; and the taxildars go upon their way.

The real difficulty springs from the fact that, however considerably the burden of taxation may be distributed, it is a burden too heavy to be borne with reasonable happiness. The cost of maintaining the Turkish Empire is great out of all humane proportion to the revenues of the people, and the Government resort to expedients which would not be tolerated in Western Europe. Taxes which it has formally abolished are still collected "by mistake." Besides the land-tax and the tithe, the peasant, even though he be a Christian, and therefore not allowed to enter the Army, is taxed for exemption from military service; he is taxed for education which is not given, for roads and bridges which are not built; in short, Mr. Abbott says, he pays a tax on everything he buys, on everything he sells, on everything he imports, on everything he exports, on everything he weighs, on everything he possesses, and on many things which he does not possess. His burdens are heavier than those of any other peasant in the world. Why? The immediate explanation seems to lie in the ways and customs of the official classes. The pay of a foot-gendarme is what in this country would be £1 7s. a month, and that of the mounted gendarme £2 5s. Out of these small wages the officers have to keep themselves and their families; but the pittance is almost always in arrear. Is it surprising that they are not superior to *bakshish*? The higher officers are in similar plight. Posts in the service of the Government are treated as objects of commercial speculation. The favourites at Yildiz Kiosk sell them to favourites of their own. They are naturally anxious to make their fortunes when they can; they will not always have a chance of securing even a competence for life. So it is with the subordinates: they must make hay while the sun shines if in their old age they are to have the means of life. This, Mr. Abbott says, "accounts for the cupidity, and also for the plethora, of officials in the country." It is well, however, that we should be discriminating in our judgment. Sad as are the conditions of life in certain provinces of Turkey, we have no cause whatever to denounce the Turks as a race. The official classes are corrupt; but that is only because they share the general lack of pence. They would be indifferent honest but for this compulsion. Even Mr. Abbott, whose prejudices, if he have any, are against the Mahomedans, is obliged to admit, here and there, that they have a natural

nobility. What was his experience in Salonica, a town of Jews and Greeks and Turks?

In point of versatility the followers of Moses undoubtedly carry away the palm, leaving both the others far behind. The Jew is trilingual. He is equally at home in Spanish, Greek, and Turkish, and speaks each of these idioms indifferently badly. The Greek can express his ideas in two languages, Greek and Turkish. The Turk shares with the gods and the English the privilege of having only one tongue. The order of classification would have to be reversed if the three elements were subjected to an examination of a different kind. Measured by a moral, or rather manly, standard, the first would be last and the last first. The adage which associates physical purity with moral uprightness finds a curious illustration in Salonica. The Mahomedans, whatever may be thought of them as rulers, are generally acknowledged to be extremely honest in their private transactions—always excepting the Government officials, who have an immoral code of their own—scrupulously careful in the handling of truth. The Turk is too strong to do a mean thing, too unimaginative to invent the thing that is not. His vices, great as they are, are the vices of a race conscious of its might, and proud of it.

Indeed, the truth seems to be that the Turks have a reputation much worse than they deserve. It has not been sufficiently noticed that they "do not advertise." Periodically all the nations of Europe rail at them; but they never answer. Thus, as they seem by silence to assent to all the charges laid against them, perhaps they are not so black as they are painted. Most of the general understandings to their discredit are matters of hearsay. Only a very few strangers ever think of sojourning in the Balkan States, and it is noticeable that those of the few who publish their impressions give surprisingly little sanction to the popular anathemas against the Turks. The testimony of Sir Vincent Caillard, in a series of striking letters published by "The Realm," was almost wholly in their favour. Mr. Abbott's, though he may not deliberately intend it to do so, will leave a similar impression on unbiassed minds. We in the West forget, or do not learn, that the instincts and the conduct of the subject races are such as render the governance of them a task compared with which our own worst difficulties are trifles. A few excerpts from Mr. Abbott's pages will make this plain. In the villages inhabited by people of the subject races, fires are very frequent. Each village has eight or nine a week.

The flimsy material of which the houses are built . . . would be sufficient to account for the conflagrations, were it not for one little thing: the house or the shop in which the fire originates in ninety-nine cases out of hundred happens to be insured, and to belong either to a Jew or to a Christian. This circumstance, coupled with the fact that the property of Mohammedans—who do not approve of insurances, as implying a want of faith in Allah—seldom falls a prey to the flames, induces the thoughtful observer to shake his head. In fact, these "accidents" may be said to throw a lurid light upon Hebrew and local Christian morality; and so seem to think the London insurance companies, which since the great fire of 1891 have abolished their Salonica agencies.

Amid general approval of the nations, the Concert of Europe has within recent weeks coerced the Porte into adopting certain measures of reform in Macedonia; but by whom were the troubles necessitating those measures raised? Those who habitually read the Foreign Page of "The Times" have a shrewd idea; but tidings conveyed through that channel do not seem to reach the susceptible millions generally known as "the masses." Here is the grim truth as revealed in Mr. Abbott's narrative. It amply justifies the appeal for fair play to the Government of Turkey made by Lord Newton during a debate in the House of Peers last week:—

Servian activity in Macedonia has become more conspicuous since 1896, when, following on the murder of Stambuloff, the Bulgarians attempted to push their interests too energetically.

The Macedonian Committee then tried, as it has often done since, to call the attention of Europe to that province by inciting the Turkish authorities to atrocities.

It may be said that actions such as those of fire-raising and incitement to outrage are incidental to classes among the subject races, and that they are not to be taken as a standard of conduct by which to judge these peoples at large. Unfortunately, it is impossible to rest in that assumption. If the oppressed races had highly civilised aspirations, their moral tendencies would surely be adequately expressed by their Churches; but what do we find among the clergy?

Serres is the see of a Greek bishop. The prelate reigning at the time of my visit was spoken of as an individual of exceptional ability and great force of character. . . . The bishop in question, to his diplomatic ability, joined a cupidity only equalled by that of a Turkish Government official. The poor man had caught the *maladie du pays*—which is not home-sickness—in a very bad form. As a proof of the lengths to which he would go, heedless of public opinion, in order to secure a pecuniary advantage, was the following fact. A short time back the lease of a farm belonging to the diocese had fallen in, and bids had been made by various would-be tenants. After having been in the market for some months, to everybody's surprise the farm was let for a rent considerably lower than the offers already made. The surprise developed into a different kind of emotion when it was found that his holiness was a sleeping partner in the concern.

"His holiness" was not a black sheep in a flock which as a rule is white. In Mr. Abbott's book all the tales of duplicity, or of hypocrisy, or of intrigue, as well as the few tales of brutal inhumanity, stand against Christians, or Jews, or Greeks; and, for all that Mr. Abbott feels justified by his comprehensive wanderings in saying against them, the Turks seem to be the only gentlemen in the Balkan States. In mentioning this we are not taking a side. We are merely stating a sardonic fact.

A Dim Strange Tale.

THE FLOWER OF OLD JAPAN. By Alfred Noyes. (Grant Richards.)

It is very easy to criticise a volume of minor poetry which for the critic, personally, has no appeal. He points out with a rather blatant magnanimity the excellence of its technique, or, with the old weary phrases, obtrudes the hesitancy of its rhythm. Or again, if he plod honestly through the dullness of his calling, he will insist upon the existence of an original artistic purpose in the mind of the minor poet, and will explain just how and why that artistic purpose has not found expression. He will show that the illusion has not been arrived at, in short that the minor poet has been talking more or less uselessly, like himself, and not singing at all. Of course all this was admirably expressed in the "Ars Poetica" of Horace and with a more intense didacticism by Boileau. We are, however, still faithfully at it for the probable reason that there is nobody to stop us. The minor poets themselves, it is supposed, rather like it, and after all it does no human being particular injury. That is, crudely and frankly, the state of mind in which the present writer "attacks" the average little volume of English "poetry."

But when we imagine that a poet is really speaking to us across one knows not what chasm of eternal separation—ah! then it becomes all quite different, then we listen, as men always will listen, to the voice of the human magician in the very teeth of abstract science. Such a poet, with the spell of far-off fantasies upon his lips, haunted by the infinite vistas of remote memory into which he has surely peered, has written a volume entitled "The Flower of Old Japan." The author, Mr. Alfred Noyes, has described his poem as "a dim, strange tale for all

ages," and, perhaps, that phrase, better than any other, suggests its persuasive charm. It is a dream, and it has preserved the fleeting magic of dreams. Above all it has atmosphere; the illusion lives. Merrily, with a mocking sweetness, the poet lures us after him in his strange dream quest as though we too had regained the forgotten wisdom of childhood:—

Something haunted us that night
Like a half-remembered name;
Worn old pages in that light
Seemed the same, yet not the same;
Curling in the pleasant heat
Smoothly as a shell-shaped fan,
O! they breathed and smelt so sweet
When we turned to Old Japan!
Suddenly we thought we heard
Someone tapping on the wall,
Tapping, tapping like a bird,
Till a panel seemed to fall
Quietly; and a tall, thin man
Stepped into the glimmering room,
And he held a little fan,
And he waved it in the gloom.

The children follow the "tall thin man" and sail out into the mysterious night, passing—

Huts that gloomed and glanced among
Fruitage dipping in the blue;
Songs the sirens never sung,
Shores Ulysses never knew.

And everywhere "Creeping Sin" dogs their footsteps seeking to lure them from their quest. But at last they arrive at "Old Japan," and then at "The City of the Secret Wound," and finally approach the mirror which encircles "The Mystic Ruby," the goal of their desire; and here the children fashion a world after their own hearts:—

And each wish spoiled another wish,
Till we threw the glass down in despair;
For, getting whatever you want to get
Is like drinking tea from a fishing net.

The dream fades, but the wonder of it survives:—

For we found at last we knew
More than all our fancy planned,
All the fairy tales were true,
And home the heart of fairy land.

We have quoted much from this exquisite little book, because in this case quotation is the most significant form of praise. These simple verses have caught the aroma of a lost fragrance which only poets can restore to a generation arid even in its dreams.

Literary Studies.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË—GEORGE ELIOT—JANE AUSTEN: STUDIES IN THEIR WORKS. By Henry H. Bonnell. (Longmans.)

THE author of this carefully written treatise on the works of these three great novelists does not adhere to the "alphabetical" preference of Mr. Birrell which places Miss Austen first in point of merit as well as in point of time. The reason for his placing this artist, whom he compares to Meissonier, last is because "she was content with picturing the life she saw," while "we search for the philosophy which will explain it." From this point of view the author is, of course, unquestionably right, and yet, in spite of his protest in favour of the larger and more philosophic conception of life, he deliberately places Charlotte Brontë before George Eliot. That is to say he places the mind of a young girl, singularly narrow in its outlook, singularly solitary and remote in its inner as well as in its outward loneliness, before the most philosophical mind which has ever produced an English novel of the first order. Mr. Bonnell has not in any sense obtruded his partialities, but the objective fact of the order in which

he has placed these novelists—so conspicuously opposed to the common verdict—is neither an accident nor a matter of personal prejudice, but is significant of a close and intimate study of his subject.

In speaking of Charlotte Brontë, there is always another figure present before us, the enigmatic author of "Wuthering Heights." "Younger in years and in grace," says Mr. Bonnell, "she was yet the elder sister in her attitude towards nature, as paganism is older than Christianity." That is the criticism of genuine insight. Charlotte Brontë, revelling in the rage of night and storm, was never of its very essence in the sense that Emily was. "Unlike Emily," he continues, "she looks through nature, up to nature's God." But because both, after their fashion, were very near to what we may almost call a telepathy with nature, these lonely women translated the cravings of the human heart into Nature's own untrammelled passion, and because of this Mr. Bonnell is right in speaking of the elder sister "as the greatest writer of pure passion in the English tongue," just as he is right in saying that "we shall never have anything like the Brontës again until like genius mates with like innocence and like loneliness."

A Parisian critic comments on the curious simplicity of George Eliot's novels, in which he detects something akin to Slavonic simplicity. He reads the pages one after another, he tells us, without mental effort of any kind, and then, almost before he is conscious of its charm, the story has reached his heart. Mr. Bonnell, naturally, deals at some length with the philosophy and the art of George Eliot, but we are pleased to see that it is to her human sympathy and not her power of abstract thought that he attributes her final permanence. This is a thoughtful summary:—

She did not reduce romance to a science; nor was it her mission to illustrate the romance of science. The mystery of life is not explained in her works. There is no Be-All and End-All system dreamt of in her philosophy. But her greatness is that she subordinates the final parts to the infinite whole; and her music, though cradled in pain, is a true music of the spheres.

Of Jane Austen Mr. Bonnell accepts and ratifies the common verdict. He does justice to her "exquisite touch" and her "wonderful charm." He sees in her the incarnation of good taste and good feeling, and quotes with approval the aphorism of Mr. Saintsbury: "We shall have another Homer before we see another Jane." "Her skill," he says, "was all-complete, the bright elegance of her charm all-perfect." And yet, it is clear to him, and he makes it clear to us, that there was something in the stormy restlessness of the Brontës at once more human, more powerful and more permanent—in its vital appeal to a higher tribunal than the petty censorship of their contemporaries—than anything which the Meissonier-like art of Miss Austen could fashion. And it is because he can appreciate the delicate charm of this great artist so well that we may trust his instinct in regard to those daughters of storm who, more than any other writers, "did what was right without knowing it."

In the course of this interesting series of studies the author has discountenanced the petty gossip which is so often admitted as a substitute for psychology, and which, in the case of Charlotte Brontë, is obviously offensive and obviously stupid.

"Pleasant as a Country Walk."

SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN. By J. Harvey Bloom, Rector of Whitchurch. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a very pleasant little addition to the many books dealing with the flowers mentioned by Shakespeare; and one is pleased to see that it has the advantage of being written by the rector of a parish in Shakespeare's own Warwickshire, who can speak from first-hand knowledge

therefore, of the county flora. He has had the excellent idea, after his detailed discussion of the Shakespearean flowers, to add an appendix giving from each play all the allusions it contains to plants or trees. We know not, however, but we would have preferred a tabulation of the passages under the heading of the plant or tree mentioned, rather than a miscellaneous tabulation under the heading of the plays. This might have been made to serve, also, as an index to the body of the book—a lack which we feel somewhat, as it is. In the introductory chapter Mr. Bloom reproduces from the "Maison Rustique" of Charles Stevens and John Leebault (1600) a description of a garden "such as Shakespeare's father may have had," which we must needs quote for the fragrant sound of its names and its old English:—

The garden of pleasure shall be set about and compassed in with arbours made of jesamin, rosemarie, boxe, juniper, cypress-trees, savin, cedars, rose-trees, and other dainties first planted and pruned according as the nature of every one doth require, but after brought into some forme and order with willow or juniper poles. . . . The waies and alleys must be covered and sowed with fine sand well bet, or with the powder of the sawing of marble, or else paved handsomely with good pit stone. The garden by means of a large path of six feet shall be divided into two equal parts; the one shall containe the herbes and flowers used to make nosegaies and garlands of, as March violets, Provence gilliflowers, purple gilliflowers, Indian gilliflowers, small paunces, daisies, yellow and white gilliflowers, marigolds, lily conually, daffodils, canterburie bells, purple velvet flowers, anemones, corne flag, mugwort lilies, and other such like, and it may be called the nosegaie garden. The other part shall have all other sweet-smelling herbes, whether they be suche as beare no flowers, or if they beare any, yet they are not put in nosegaies alone, but the whole herbe be with them, as Southern wood, wormewood, pellitorie, rosemarie, jesamin, marierom, balme mints, peniroyall, costmarie, hyssop, lavender, basil, sage, savorie, rue, tansey, thyme, cammomill, mugwort, bastard marierum, nept, sweet balme, all-good, anis, horehound, and others such like, and this may be called the garden for herbes of good smell.

There is an old-world sound about the very names of the catalogue. The body of Mr. Bloom's book is pleasant as a country-walk for any man of good will towards flowers; and one can but dip at random into its discussions. The stanza in "Love's Labour's Lost" has always raised a vexed question:—

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

The "lady-smock" is the delicate *Cardamine pratensis*, still called by Warwickshire peasants "smell-smocks." But what are the "cuckoo-buds"? Mr. Bloom elects for the king-cup, a flower which grows in damp meadows. The lady-smock, he says, would also grow near the water; and the association thus suggests the king-cup. The only alternative is the ranunculus in its various kinds, which are not in flower with the lady-smock. We would gladly think Shakespeare meant the marsh-marigold (as the king-cup is also called), for it is a splendid wild-flower. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Bloom is right. The "cuckoo-flower," which Shakespeare also mentions, in "King Lear," among the flowers with which the mad king crowns himself, Mr. Bloom identifies with "the two commonest of the wild geraniums," *Geranium dissectum* and *molle*. They are still called "cuckoo-flowers" in the Stratford neighbourhood, which seems better evidence than can be offered for any of the several other suggestions. Mr. Bloom, by the way, does not mention the colour of either wild-geranium in question—though it is rarely he takes such a matter for granted. But enough; to follow him further would take us too far a-field, and we must close with a cordial recommendation of an interesting little book, written with evident love, and studded with folk-lore and legend.

Sense, Meaning, and Significance.

WHAT IS MEANING? STUDIES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF SIGNIFICANCE. By V. Welby. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THIS volume is an introduction to a new science which shall be called Significs, and which shall enable "the world of signs to be fuller of sense and signify more than it has ever done yet." The author has taken an endless amount of trouble, and includes numerous and valuable quotations. The main body of his argument is somewhat obscured by the numerous irrelevances—dealing with all manner of religion and philosophy—with which the author refreshes himself; but his indictment against our carelessness in the use of language and his insistence upon the value of a greater appreciation and exploiting of its possibilities must command our assent. The author's cardinal doctrine is the distinction between the sense, the meaning, and the significance of all language. The meaning he takes to signify the intention of the speaker, and the significance the value of the contained fact or idea. His discussion of metaphor and analogy is amusing and interesting. "Mere figures of speech," as Jowett says, "have unconsciously influenced the minds of great thinkers." Says Mr. Welby, "As part of our scientific crusade we must provide a critique of metaphors."

It would need a volume to enumerate the new facts of science waiting to be used figuratively, and thus to enlarge and enrich our conceptual treasure-house." As an instance of the value the author attaches to his new study we may quote:—

Most of us . . . from lack of the habit which Significs forms, hold "fact" and "idea" in an absolute instead of a merely expedient opposition. If fact gives us the idea of its own domination, the testimony of that idea is all the evidence we have of the existence of fact.

His protest against the degradation of language coincides with that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, though Mr. Welby elsewhere objects to the familiar metaphor used by Holmes, of words as the intellectual currency. And, indeed, Mr. Welby is rather a purist as regards metaphor, and those which he suggests, such as "thinking in cube," and "binocular mental vision," may well be scorned of the poet. A better metaphorical adjective occurs in the quotation from Prof. Sidgwick: "In the general ignorance of logic which prevails, and which is fostered by the traditional teaching system, it is not difficult to make people accept a circular truism as a deep philosophical truth." Perhaps the author's own definition of "meaning" is forgotten when, in a parallel to George Eliot's remark upon the varied applicability of the words of genius, he says, "We may be quite sure that unless we mean more than we now think we mean, our words are not of much account in the long run." And, after his remarks upon accuracy it is a surprise to meet the familiar error of "seeming paradox"—as if a paradox were not just a seeming absurdity.

Mr. Welby is strongly adverse to the "myth" that it is easy to make one's meaning plain. Meaning is not plain in the sense of being the same at all times, in all places, and to all. "We may even arrive at 'curves' of thought revealed by change of meaning; . . . probably far less simple than the missionary of religion . . . has imagined."

In his last forty pages, Mr. Welby outlines, after all his destructive criticism, the directions in which Significs, or the Study of Expression, must travel. He imagines and hopes for two generations taught from their earliest years that it is "morally wrong, socially impossible, and practically idiotic to make anything but the very most of all existing means of expression." The child naturally tends to this full use of what is possible; the parent inherits a primal tendency to revert to the fixed and rooted form, while the child is free-swimming—not a bad metaphor from, we suppose, the barnacle.

The difficulty of reading a somewhat ill-arranged volume, with long notes and longer appendices, cannot prevent us from admitting that the author has serious support for his claim that Signifies will provide the "method at present unforeseen," to quote Mr. Balfour, "which will prevent students being wholly lost in the details of some highly specialist study." Certainly it is a sorry come-down from the philosopher of old to the "submerged tenth of science, the ultra-specialists," and we need something to save us from the man who excused himself from joining in conversation since his attention was entirely concentrated on his life's work—the study of the hairs on the thirty-eighth left leg of a particular kind of centipede!

Other New Books.

THE DIVERTED VILLAGE. By Grace Rhys. (Methuen. 6s.)

THIS amusing little book is one more contribution to that unpretentious, yet cheerful and delicate branch of literature which began perhaps with Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden," and gained its true popularity with Frank R. Stockton's "Rudder Grange." Mrs. Rhys, abandoning the severer methods of her "Wooing of Sheila," tells easily and amusingly the story of the adventures of a London family who inherited a house and garden in Norfolk. The practical wife, the humorous husband, the mischievous children, the perplexed governess, the self-willed cynical gardener, the resourceful maid of all work—all are here according to pattern. But the ingredients are very skilfully mixed, and the reader may spend a very pleasant afternoon over the book and become as diverted as the village. Thomas Matt, the gardener, is something of a creation.

A THIRD POT POURRI. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

It is very unlikely to be the case, but Mrs. Earle in this volume might have set out to reduce the gardening-book formula to absurdity—to be parodying her own excellent works. All the digressions into the kitchen, the dispensary, and literary criticism, which are permitted by a tolerant public to the author of a manual of gardening, are here practised with a frankness that is almost bewildering. "I have already done my best," Mrs. Earle seems to have said, "but if you must have more of me, you shall," and forthwith her scrap-books have been emptied. Desultory readers who like scrap-book reading may like "A Third Pot Pourri," but it seems to us a very dull mixture. Why we should be expected to be interested by the author's diary for 1902, unprepared in any way for the honour of print, we cannot understand. Under June, for example, we read—

The week of the King's illness was the only really hot one we have had this summer, and during it the whole air was full of the most gloomy prognostications, the gloomiest emanating from the medical profession and from certain headquarters of spiritualistic prophecy, all of which, as we know, happily came to nothing.

One looks to seven-and-sixpenny books with pleasant titles for better sustenance than this. We balance it with the following important hint addressed to any one with a bilious headache who is obliged to make a speech or any great effort: "Put a whole tin of Colman's mustard [why not Keen's? and what sized tin?] into a large hot bath, stay in it ten or fifteen minutes, lie down after it for half an hour. The brain will then be far clearer and better than in ordinary health."

IN THE TAIL OF THE PEACOCK. By Isabel Savory. (Hutchinson. 16s.)

MISS SAVORY gets her title from an Arabic proverb, "The earth is a peacock: Morocco is the tail of it." The book is pleasant, even, and fairly interesting; it cannot be said to add anything to our knowledge, nor does it in any degree approach the impressions of Morocco given us by Mr. Cunningham Graham and Mr. A. J. Dawson. It is, indeed, no more than the record of the experiences of two ladies who found Morocco, on the whole, a fairly safe country in which to travel. But all personal experience is interesting, and Miss Savory has enough sympathy to carry us through her lengthy volume without any feeling of fatigue. In her preface the author says concerning her book:—

Such as care to wander through its pages must have learnt to enjoy idleness, nor find weeks spent beneath the sun and stars too long—that is to say, the fascination of a wandering, irresponsible life should be known to them: waste and solitary places must not appal, nor trifling incident weary, while human natures remotely removed from their own, alternately delight and repel.

But after all, these human natures are not so remotely removed from our own as Miss Savory suggests; the basic oneness of human nature finds little place in these pages. Indeed, in the nature of things, this was perhaps inevitable. Of all women travel-writers perhaps the late Miss Mary Kingsley alone had the faculty of profound observation—without any trace of mere femininity—truly feminine she always was. But as Miss Savory makes no claim to be more than a recorder of personal impressions, we are glad to have those impressions, and to say of them that they are suggestive and interesting. Miss Savory's appreciation of the picturesque, and also her limitations, may be judged by the following passage concerning the *Aid-el-Sereer* (Little Feast) which follows the *Ramadhan*:—

Everybody was in shining white, if not new, apparel, and all Tetuan was abroad. That among a people clad so largely in white means a good deal, and the streets of Tetuan might have competed with the Park on the Sunday before Ascot.

May we say, without offence, that to compare such a scene with "the Park on the Sunday before Ascot" is to show a distinct lack of true imagination? Yet Miss Savory has imagination, as readers of her book will discover. It is, after all, just a matter of temperament and point of view.

FACTS AND PHANTASIES OF A FOLIO GRUB. By Herbert Compton. (Treherne. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a bundle of genuine reminiscences from a practised, slovenly hand. If Mr. Compton would be at the pains to conform his writing to the laws of grammar and to strike out all the jokes that happen to be bad ones, the reading of his book would be real refreshment. As it is, one wonders that so kindly a nature, so merciful and loving to all his beasts, should be so inconsiderate of his brother man. For the book is crowded with character sketches of horses and dogs that are full of sympathetic insight; but the humour that riots over the pages is altogether too spontaneous for the majesty of print. There is obviously no appeal from Mr. Compton over his whisky and soda to Mr. Compton coffee-wise in the morning, and that (as any one who has written late at night will tell you) is a mistake. Was there ever before seen in print anything so deplorable as this:—

The early settlers—Land-of-Cakers to a unit—I have sometimes wondered whether that name has anything to do with the enterprise of the Scotchman, which always "takes the commercial cake" wherever he settles?—the early settlers . . .

Unless perhaps this, which you may see without turning the leaf:—

When I got Forester home to the coffee *tote* (we had Madras coolies in the colony, hence that term is not doing the devil in this galley) . . .

We submit that this kind of thing is quite inexcusable in a man who, like Mr. Compton, in his opening sketch convinces us that he is a real lover of books, or of one who could do anything so good in its different way as "The Affair of Gholamghurry," and such pleasing animal studies as the accounts of Blondino and Kabooter and Brunette in "Stocking a Stable." Here is the last—not the best, but the shortest:—

Her head was as shapely as an Elgin marble; her ears exquisitely and ever on the alert; her nose *retrousée* [*sic*], which in a mare, as in some women, is a charm; her lips delicate and nervous; and the expression of her mouth irresistible! She is never saying anything except "prunes" and "prism." She has a divine lock of hair between her soft, brown, wondering eyes. . . . When I get on her back I feel I never knew what real luxury in riding was before. She is none of your equine armchairs, or confidential chargers, but just a buoyant wave of light and lovely motion that deceives a heavy-weight, bald-headed, rather rotund old fool into imagining himself a horseman.

The volume includes also some rhymed pieces into which the author declares that he has at least put some sincere work. They are School Songs, and may possibly be of interest to Old Malvernians.

"Home Arts and Crafts," by Montague Marks (Pearson), is a volume dealing with elementary modelling in clay, wood carving, bent-iron work, taxidermy, and so forth. The directions are clear and concise, and the illustrations numerous and practical.

NEW EDITIONS.—Mr. J. E. Scrutton's "Law of Copyright" (Clowes) is now in its fourth edition, which has been delayed, the author tells in his preface, "in the hope that Parliament might undertake a systematic revision of the Copyright Laws." But as Parliament has not thought well generally to revise the Copyright Laws, this edition appears with the inclusion of such doubtful minor emendations as the recent Musical Copyright changes.—The latest addition to Messrs. Methuen's "Arden Shakespeare" is "Cymbeline," edited by Edward Dowden. Prof. Dowden's introduction runs to over forty pages, and covers the history and sources of the play.

Fiction.

THE BANNER OF BLUE. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder. 6s.)

MR. CROCKETT appears almost with the punctuality of a periodical, but he is far from settling into the chronic tiredness of things that must come out even when they feel inclined to hibernate. "The Banner of Blue" is a rousing romance, which is certainly none the less exciting for the fact that it has far less to do with the disruption of the Scotch Kirk in 1843 than we would suppose from its title. It is true that the hero is turned out of his manse, and that he preaches in a gravel pit during a snowstorm, but he is a lover as well as a minister, for Mr. Crockett is not the man to "fob" his readers off with a mere drama of the soul.

The tale might, in fact, be aptly and Gorkily entitled "Two Fathers, Two Daughters, Two Sons and a Comic Child." One of the fathers is a wicked laird, the other a Knoxian joiner, and it is almost superfluous to add that the laird's son loves the joiner's daughter.

Fiction insists that such attachments shall develop mysteries as well as rebuffs, but Mr. Crockett is not happy in his allegiance to the rule. Moreover his flute-playing profligate of a laird's son, has an air of having stepped out of the pages of Mr. Neil Munro, while his virtuous brother loses much of our sympathy by the tactless device which makes him contribute some passages which record his father's shame.

Remains, however, the fact that the story has at the close a moment of romantic splendour; it is the moment when a supposed paralytic is revealed as a duellist wounded to the death. The "whigmaleeries" of Lowland dialect supply a spice which, though reminiscent of algebra, is poignant and amusing. An admirable study of collie dogs in Chapter XXXI. is as good as anything in the book. How often in popular fiction it is the merely casual which counts!

THE FETICH OF THE FAMILY. By E. A. Barnett. (Heinemann. 6s.)

WHEN we read a book which is at once so clever and so unpleasant as "The Fetich of the Family," the inevitable question arises as to whether it was worth while to waste the cleverness upon the unpleasantness. It is only fair to say that unpleasant details have been suppressed with admirable ingenuity, so that we are never shocked, though the book is a depressing one from beginning to end. The story, told briefly, is that two cousins, who have waited for each other until they are both middle aged, marry and have a daughter, who is unmistakably an idiot. Three years later, they have another daughter, who is born perfectly sound and healthy, but who is sacrificed, mind and body, to the insane resolve of the mother that no difference shall be made between the two. The result is that the younger girl is brought up to consider her idiot sister as her cross; and her childhood is one long drawn-out torture, for, when the screaming fits of Blanche are not attracting crowds round the two children in Kensington Gardens, the whole nervous system of Rhoda, the younger sister, is being played upon disastrously by her contact with the creature who is half-infant and half-animal.

But although unpleasantness lies in the theme of the story, much cleverness lies in the character drawing. The mother is relentlessly presented, yet so truthfully that we do not know whether to pity or to condemn her. There is a grim humour, too, in the analysis of her character, which makes it by far the most interesting thing in the book; indeed, in spite of its depressing atmosphere, the story is worth reading for the sake of that one lifelike study of a mistaken woman. The same impartial attitude towards her puppets is shown by the author in her delineation of her other characters, notably those of Rhoda and her self-educated husband. She never cheats us into liking them by tampering with their reality; and only those who are interested in real men and women of not too pleasant a type would do well to read "The Fetich of the Family."

WYEMARKE'S MOTHER. [By Edward H. Cooper. (Grant Richards. 5s.)

A CHILDREN'S book that is not published at Christmas is apt to convey the assumption that it is meant to be about children and not for them. This cannot be said truthfully, however, of Mr. Cooper's latest Wyemarke book. It is both for and about children; and although there is much in it that will be simply passed over by the ordinary child, as there must necessarily be in any carefully observed story about children, the nursery as well as the schoolroom will love to read this last chronicle of the interesting little person with the curious name. Wyemarke is not an ordinary child—that must be grasped at once if one is to

enjoy reading about her—so all the more praise is due to her creator for having made her so interesting. She is fastidious, critical, a little precocious, very intolerant of people who do not happen to fit her particular standard; in fact, she has all the characteristics of the well-born child who spends most of her time in the drawing-room with a mother who is "on the rush" from morning till night. This sort of child is generally dealt hardly with in fiction; but Mr. Cooper has had the discernment to endow her with all the human qualities of the ordinary child as well, which, of course, she really would possess, and the result is that she is a straight, honest, brave-hearted little woman underneath all the smart dresses and the company manners. In the same way, he has carefully avoided making Lady Darcy the mere woman of fashion, who neglects her children for her social duties. This is a specimen of the way she "lectures" her little girl, as Wyemarle calls it:—

When you are invited to make a choice, make it. When a person is carving a pheasant and says to you: "Do you like a leg or a wing?" say which you want straight out, and don't say, "Whichever you like; I don't mind." You see, if the man asks you, he probably really wants to know, and would prefer to give you the piece of pheasant which you like best. . . . It's especially and above all in the big things of life that you must know your own mind. You do know yours really. You want to be educated and can see that there is no chance of doing lessons here. My dear old lady . . . do you suppose I am vexed because you have found that out? . . . Lessons in this house! You might as well sit down in the middle of Bond Street at midday in the middle of June . . .

The nursery would sooner read about a mother who talks like that than about the usual mother of fiction who keeps her failings, if she has any, for the chapter of the book that is never written.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE ETERNAL WOMAN.

By DOROTHEA GERARD.

A study of the woman question. Clara Woods began life by jumping through paper hoops in a circus. On being left an orphan she was adopted by Baroness Seifort, who, however, died without a will, and consequently without making provision for her ward. Clara consulted the editress of the "Coming Sex," but ultimately decided that "in order to wield a woman's power fully, it would be necessary to remain a real woman." The story originally appeared in the weekly edition of "The Times." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE STUMBLING-BLOCK.

By EDWIN PUGH.

"Old Owen Owen christened her Cambria, and this was the way of it." So opens a story in a vein rather different from that of most of Mr. Pugh's work. In the first chapter Cambria is born, in the penultimate chapter she dies after bearing a son. The book has character and a sense of pathos. Also, it is short, and free from padding. (Heinemann. 6s.)

RICHARD ROSNY.

By MAXWELL GRAY.

A social story of middle class life by the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." Richard grew up in the house of a stepfather whose view of money matters led the family into difficulties. He entered the Navy, and his subsequent life and love affairs are related with much deliberation. Most of the action passes in the country. (Heinemann. 6s.)

HE FOR GOD ONLY.

By "IOTA."

"He for God only; She for God and him." These words from the title page explain the motif of the book. When we meet Joan Westcar, she is engaged to the Curate. Miss Rebecca, who describes him as "an apostolic diathesis with the digestion of an ostrich," foresaw the difficulty of the situation. "Play what pranks you please with the others, but never make a god of the parson you mean to marry. It ends in speedy disillusion, or means hanging a millstone around your neck." The story is skilfully developed. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

LOVEY MARY.

By ALICE HEGAN RICE.

An American story by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." In an Orphans' Home Lovey Mary fell upon bitterness by reason of the harshness of Miss Bell, the matron. "I wisht I was dead," she cried passionately. "The harder I try to be good the meaner I get. Ever'body blames me, and ever'body makes fun of me." But with the advent of Tommy she found the solace of love. Her subsequent adventures are humourously told. There are sixteen illustrations. (Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.)

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY.

By BASIL KING.

By the author of "Let Not Man Put Asunder." A story of simple fisher-folk and the like, that goes down strongly and frankly to the primitive emotions. "In the Kingdom of Heaven," Charity murmured, and she and Hagar clung together, "there's no more marriage, nor giving in marriage; but we'll all be—you and me and William and the baby, and all of us—we'll all be as the angels of God." The tragedy of the story is sincere. (Harper. 6s.)

ROSSLYN'S RAID.

By B. H. BARMBY.

A new volume in the Greenback Library, containing three stories; one of the Scotch Border in the time of Elizabeth, one of farm life in Iceland, and an Eastern tale entitled "The Slave of Lagash." A note tells us that "in consequence of the Author's early death this book has not received from her its final revision." (Duckworth. 1s. 6d.)

THE TAINT OF THE CITY.

By CHARLES EDDY.

A story of the Stock Exchange, by the author of "Winifred and the Stockbroker." Mr. Eddy writes crisp dialogue, and the book consists of little else. The hero is the typical young man with a small patrimony and no particular career. He became a "half-commission man" and made ten thousand pounds out of the Great Kangaroo. There is a journalist who is "given to the utterance of sour epigram," and most of the other people provide "smart" conversation. (Arnold. 6s.)

MALLENDER'S MISTAKE.

By LIONEL L. PILKINGTON.

A tale of social and commercial life in the provinces, turning on bigamy and financial swindles. The brothers Mallender are revealed to one another as scoundrels in the second chapter, and the one suggests that the other should solve their common difficulties by absconding to a South American republic with twenty-nine thousand pounds, the property of his clients. (Chatto. 6s.)

We have also received "For His People," retold by Viscount Hayashi (Harper); "The Machinations of the Myo-ok," by Cecil Lewis (Methuen); "The Caprices of a Royal Incognita" (Harper); "The French Master," by A. Wilson-Barrett (Ward Lock); "Silent Dominion," by Winefride Taunton (Methuen); "Chasma," by H. W. G. Hyrst (Hutchinson); "King of the Dead," by F. Aubrey (Macqueen); "The Cross of Pearls," by C. Bearne (Slack); "A Strange Honeymoon," by E. Dean (Digby Long); "The Forest Prince," by B. W. Ward (Digby Long).

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The Praise of Famous Men.

“LET us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us.”

There is a good custom that obtains in Trinity College, Dublin, to deliver once a year a discourse on some bygone member of the University. It is the glory of Trinity that she has an abundance of famous men from whom to choose. And now “the silent sister” has broken her silence; and under the quaint title “*Peplographia Dublinensis*” she has given to the world a volume of these discourses, with the following out of Suidas for a motto: “They made a robe (or peplus) for Athena, and on it they engraved the names of their greatest men.”

In this Dublin robe, as the editor points out, the task is not yet complete. Neither Swift nor Goldsmith finds a place in this volume. Of the eight who are commemorated, two at least, Berkeley and Burke, are giants of literature, and one, Archbishop Ussher, a giant of learning. And of most of the others it was their fate to be connected, in their life or after it, with famous men of letters. Here is written the life-story of that very remarkable man, Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, whose meditations on conduct found so much favour with Matthew Arnold, as readers of “*Culture and Anarchy*” will remember. For fifty-eight years Wilson ruled his diocese with a patriarchal sway, suited to the backward condition of his people, and with an exercise of real power due in part to the period, but more to the peculiar circumstances of the island. The Acts of Parliament which restrained the Church in England did not apply to the Isle of Man, and moreover the Bishop was, as his successor still is, an official member of the legislature of the island. Wilson worthily exercised his trust. His people loved him, as was shown by the triumphant procession which conducted him back to his palace after an imprisonment of two months, the result of a disagreement with a contentious Archdeacon. When he went to Court, George II. knelt and begged his blessing; and Queen Caroline said to a bystander, “Here comes a Bishop who has not come to ask for translation.” It is interesting to recall, with Dr. Gwynn, Matthew Arnold’s estimate of Wilson: “His unction is so perfect and in such happy alliance with his goodness that it becomes tenderness and fervent charity. His goodness is so perfect and in such happy alliance with his unction that it becomes moderation and insight. While, therefore, the type of religion exhibited in his writings is English, it is of a far higher kind than is in general reached by his countrymen, and yet, being English, it is possible and attainable by them.”

And now occurs another name, still dearer to Arnold, the name of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, on whom he pronounced so unforgettable an eulogy. Falkland’s father was sent as Lord Deputy to Ireland, and the boy himself was entered at Trinity College at the age of twelve, taking his degree four years later. It was there, no doubt, that his innate love of learning grew and flourished, till it became the passion of his manhood. It cannot be

said that literature is the richer for the works he left behind him, but Falkland, who was wont to say that he pitied unlearned gentlemen upon a rainy day, was infinitely the richer for his love of literature. “When we went from Oxford to Great Tew,” says one of his friends, “as we found ourselves out of the University, so we never thought ourselves absent from home.” The circle of Falkland’s intimates included such men as Chillingworth, Hales, Cowley, Waller, and Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon. What a glimpse is that of Falkland later on, beguiling the weary nights with disputations with Chillingworth in his hut before beleaguered Gloucester, with the shadow of the fatal field of Newbury already drawing near! It is good to read once more of the life and death of Falkland, if only because it sends our thoughts back to the immortal page of Clarendon and Arnold.

Here, too, the career of Grattan, the purest of patriots, may be studied, whose statue “faces with uplifted arm this ancient college, as if appealing to the generous youth who issue from its portals, charging them to consecrate their learning, their talents, and all their natural forces to the service of their native land, and of their fellow-countrymen of every creed.” And that is no bad description of the aims of Henry Grattan. Of Berkeley, too, we may read, most Christian of philosophers and most philosophic of Christians. But in this place we would devote our remaining words to the greatest Irishman that was a man of letters, Edmund Burke, partly from the conspicuous interest of the subject, partly because the discourse upon him in this book exceeds the others, interesting as they all are, in penetration and in eloquence. The writer is Dr. Chadwick, Bishop of Derry, who seems to have inherited no small share of the gifts of his immediate predecessor in that office.

It is hard to forgive Boswell, whatever his reason may have been, for his practical exclusion of Burke from the “*Life of Johnson*.” Of the great figures of the eighteenth century none is more famous than Burke, and none more difficult to envisage. It may be that the greatness of his thoughts eclipses his personality. If you walk amid mountains on a day of mist, the mist may lift for a moment and you are almost appalled by the splendour and propinquity of some great eminence; but it is only for a moment; the mist descends again and the peak is withdrawn. So it is with Burke: you get a glimpse of him now and again, but in the main you are left guessing. There is Johnson’s gibe: “Is he like Burke, sir, who winds into a subject like a serpent?” There is his serious declaration that you could not take shelter from the rain under the same archway with Mr. Burke without discovering in ten minutes that he was a very extraordinary man. There are Goldsmith’s jesting lines, into which, by the way, Dr. Chadwick infuses an altered meaning. But these things do not throw much light upon the inner life of the great orator. Dr. Chadwick’s study brings us at least a little nearer to him.

A little—for it is by his utterances in private life that a man admits us to intimacy; and on this head Dr. Chadwick has nothing new to record. But he has estimated the character and depth of Burke’s intellect in an illuminating fashion. The very loftiness of Burke’s thought, his habit of constantly seeking for the underlying principles of political actions, made ordinary men impatient of him. “It is not so much,” writes Dr. Chadwick, “that he ‘went on,’ but that he ‘went on refining’: nor that he was ‘too long’ for his hearers but ‘too deep’.” He brought philosophy into the House of Commons: but the House of Commons seldom desired it. The complaint that he—

narrowed his mind,

And to party gave up what was meant for mankind,

is truer than at first appears; Goldsmith meant, Dr. Chadwick thinks, that the deep utterances of Burke were out

of place in an environment where party-spirit reigns; and the poet's criticism is justified, he holds, in an unexpected manner, because the orator "spoke to us, and to all time, when, he inflicted himself upon the House of Commons.

He could not overcome the obstinacy of George III. and save the American colonies; but he taught, and he was the first who persuaded, a great party to espouse those noble principles by which all our colonies are now governed. . . . He did not convict Hastings, but he secured for the teeming millions of the East a righteous government." His fame, therefore, should be greater with posterity than it was with his contemporaries, even as the fame of Shakespeare. In his life his great intellect often interposed a barrier between himself and his fellows; his imagination made him see what others heard, and heard sometimes with indifference. Therefore he appeared a dreamer to many. And to posterity his personality is mainly to be inferred from the flame and power of his public utterances. Yet it is well to be reminded of acts which testify to the elevation of his moral nature. "The poet Crabbe owed him everything," writes Dr. Chadwick, "and the painter Barry lived in Rome at his expense while he himself was struggling; and neither the gratitude of the poet satiated, nor the ill-temper of the painter wearied out, his charity." For a moment, at any rate, the mist has lifted.

Emerson.

THERE was a child for whom the capital good and end of life, was to see wheels go round. Before a carriage in the street he would stop, plunged in ecstatic contemplation, and—like a Buddhist devotee with his mystic formula—ejaculate at intervals in adoring rapture, "Wheel-go-round! wheel-go-round!" In the works of watches, in tops, in the spinning froth of his tea-cup, in everything whirling, this unconscious vortical philosopher discerned and worshipped "wheel-go-rounds." With that tyrannous mandate, "Want to see wheel-go-round," he insisted on paying his devotions to every such manifestation of orbital motion. Which things are a parable. That child, it strikes us, should find his ripened ideal in the four-volume edition of Emerson's Works, which Messrs. Routledge have issued at twenty shillings. One critic has already remarked that Emerson's writing revolves round itself, rather than progresses. The remark was made depreciatingly; but we prefer to regard this trait in Emerson as a characteristic, rather than a limitation. This vortical movement of his understanding impresses itself strongly on one's mind after reading a succession of these essays—or lectures, as many of them originally were. Perhaps, indeed, the necessities of a lecturer, and the mental habit induced by much lecturing, may partly be responsible for it. An audience with difficulty follows an ascending sequence of thought, especially on abstruse subjects; where the snapping of a single link, a momentary lapse of attention, may render all which follows unintelligible; and at the best, it is uneasy to pick up again the dropped clue. But if the lecture circle round a single idea, such slips of fatigued attention are not fatal: what you have failed to grasp from one aspect, is presently offered and seized from another. The advantages of such a method for such a purpose are obvious. It is, at any rate, Emerson's method to a very large extent. Some one idea is suggested at the outset, and the rest of the essay is mainly a marvellous amplification of it. In some of these essays he is like a great eagle, sailing in noble and ample gyres, with deliberate beat of the strong wing, round the eyrie where his thought is nested. The essay on Plato is a notable

example. He starts with the declaration of Plato's universality:—

These sentences contain the culture of nations; these are the corner-stone of schools; these are the fountain-head of literatures. A discipline it is in logic, arithmetic, taste, symmetry, poetry, language, rhetoric, ontology, morals or practical wisdom. There was never such range of speculation. Out of Plato come all things that are still written or debated among men of thought. . . . Plato is philosophy, and philosophy, Plato.

His genius allies the universal with the particular, so that it becomes all-continent. So Emerson begins, and round this declaration the whole essay revolves. This Allness of Plato, this combination of universality with particularity,—he takes this idea in his two hands, and turns it about on every side, surveys it from every aspect. Having trampled it out with his feet (one would say) he tosses it on his horns, till the air is alive with the winnowing of it. He conjures with it, till the Protean modifications and transmutations and reappearances of it dazzle the attention and amaze the mind. He touches on Socrates, and Socrates forthwith becomes a reincarnation of the same idea, in his homely practicality and dæmonic wisdom—again the universal and the particular. We will not say but that we sometimes tire of these brilliant metamorphoses, these transmigrations of a single conception through innumerable forms. Sometimes we could cry "Enough!" and wish the repose of a more vertebrate method. But one thing he has effectually secured—we shall remember with emphasis that Plato was universal, and the synthesis at once of limit and immensity.

The "wheel-go-round" quality of his mind appears even in the detail of his style; as (in Swedenborg's image) each fragment of a crystal repeats the structure of the whole:—

A man who could see two sides of a thing was born. The wonderful synthesis so familiar in nature; the upper and the under side of the medal of Jove; the union of impossibilities, which reappears in every object; its real and its ideal power,—was now also transferred entire to the consciousness of a man.

That is a simple and casual, but characteristic example. Statements are not left single, but are iterated and reiterated in form on form. You have thus within the great volutions of the essay at large innumerable little revolutions,—wheels within wheels like the motions of the starry heavens; nay, the individual sentence revolves on its own axis, one might say. The mere opulence of his imagery is a temptation to this. No prose-writer of his time has such resources of imagery essentially poetic in nature as Emerson—not even Ruskin. His prose is more fecund in imagery, and happier in imagery, than his poetry,—one of the proofs (we think) that he was not primarily a poet, undeniable though some of his poetry is. He had freer and ampler scope and use of all his powers in prose, even of those powers in their nature specifically poetic. It is a thing curious, but far from unexampled. With such figurative range, such easy and inexhaustible plasticity of expression, so nimble a perception, this iterative style was all but inevitable. That opulent mouth could not pause at a single utterance. His understanding played about a thought like lightning about a vane. It suggested numberless analogies, an endless sequence of associated ideas, countless aspects, shifting facets of expression; and it were much if he should not set down a poor three or four of them. We, hard-pushed for our one pauper phrase, may call it excess in him: to Emerson, doubtless, it was austerity.

He must be the most ungrateful and hard-headed of "beef-witted" Anglo-Saxons who is so enamoured of organic evolution and severe progression that he cannot savour the compensations of these splendid redundancies. Moreover, when we examine closely those larger revolutions

of thought on which we first dwelt, it becomes visible—even in such an essay as that "Plato" which we took as the very type and extreme example of his peculiar tendency—that Emerson has his own mode of progression. The gyres are widening gyres, each sweep of the unflagging wing is in an ampler circuit. Each return of the idea reveals it in a deeper and fuller aspect; with each mental cycle we look down upon the first conception in an expanded prospect. It is the progression of a circle in stricken water. So, from the first casting of the idea into the mind, its agitations broaden repercussively outward; repeated, but ever spreading in repetition. And thus the thought of this lofty and solitary mind is cyclic, not like a wheel, but like the thought of mankind at large; where ideas are always returning on themselves, yet their round is steadily "widened with the process of the suns."

It was an almost inevitable condition of his unique power that Emerson's mind should have a certain isolation and narrowness, a revolving round its own fixed and personal axis, corresponding with the tendency already analysed. Yet in another view it often surprises by a breadth of interest no one could have predicted in this withdrawn philosopher, this brooder over Plato and the Brahmins. He has a shrewd, clear outlook upon practical life, all the sounder for his serene detachment from it. The English nation was never passed through so understanding and complete an analysis (for example) as by this casual visitor of our shores. It took nothing less than this American Platonist to note at once with such sympathy and such aloof dispassionateness all the strength and weakness of the Saxon-Norman-Celtic-Danish breed. He perceives, let us say, the intense, victorious, admirable, exasperating common-sense of the Englishman, with its backing of impenetrable self-belief; neither hating nor overpowered by it, hear the enjoying *verve* of his brilliant summary:—

The young men have a rude health which runs into peccant humors. They drink brandy like water, cannot expend their quantities of waste strength in riding, hunting, swimming, and fencing, and run into absurd frolics with the gravity of the Eumenides. They stoutly carry into every nook and corner of the earth their turbulent sense; leaving no lie uncontradicted; no pretension unexamined. They chew haschisch; cut themselves with poisoned creases; swing their hammock in the boughs of the Bohon Upas; taste every poison; buy every secret; at Naples they put St. Januarius's blood in an alembic; they saw a hole into the head of the "winking Virgin," to know why she winks; measure with an English footrule every cell of the Inquisition, every Turkish caaba, every Holy of holies; translate and send to Bentley the arcanum bribed and bullied from shuddering Brahmins; and measure their strength by the terror they cause.

It could only have been written by a man who united with the profound common-sense of eminent genius the profound uncommon sense of eminent genius. The one gave him sympathy; the other enabled him to possess his soul before a spectacle which compels most foreigners either to worship or execration. So also he can write on wealth with a sanity of perception at once homely and philosophic which is worth the reading either of a man of ledgers or a man of libraries, a poet or a pedlar. Uncle Sam had "hitched his wagon to a star"; but he kept a vigorous sap of the Uncle Sam who hitches his wagon to a prairie-hoss—and knows how to swop it.

Mr. Swinburne as Critic.

MR. SWINBURNE continues in "Harper's" the "critical comment" on Shakespeare's plays which accompany the drawings of Mr. Edwin Abbey, and also the (happily) unparalleled and (we hope) inimitable style which

distinguished the contribution commented on by us three months ago. The leopard has not changed his spots. But the *flamboyant* style is much less in evidence. The new article is on "Richard II.," a play which supplies less opportunities and provocations for Mr. Swinburne's eloquence, yet much matter for discussion: the faults of manner are therefore greatly fewer and less aggressive, while the poet's critical sagacity is saliently developed. It is, in truth, a very delicate, discriminating, and sure-footed piece of criticism, and gives promise that the series will be a valuable addition to Shakespearean commentary. Mr. Swinburne's intimate knowledge of Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporaries joins with his fine and exceptionally catholic taste to constitute him an authoritative Shakespearean critic; and the matter here is of his best—no small thing to say.

The article opens, indeed, with a paragraph of fair length which is almost entirely one sentence—a sentence appallingly Swinburnian:—

When the one unequalled and unapproachable master of the one supreme art which implies and includes the mastery of the one supreme science perceptible and accessible by man stood hesitating between the impulsive instinct for dramatic poetry, &c.

That is but a taste, a scoop out of the middle, so to speak: it is not the beginning, and too surely it is not the end of this daunting sentence. But immediately afterwards we sail into the navigable waters of criticism. Mr. Swinburne leads off, somewhat superfluously, by mooted the authorship of "Titus Andronicus," which he assigns to Greene. Greene or Peele—we would not lightly question his view on such a point. But we are not confident that the lines he quotes from it can only be Shakespeare's; they seem within the scope of lesser and earlier men. His contention is that Greene and Marlowe strive visibly for rule of Shakespeare throughout "Richard II.," and that Greene bears it away. Well, Greene, like enough, but we see little of Marlowe in it. Very acutely, Mr. Swinburne adjudges this the earliest of Shakespeare's chronicle-plays: there is no faith in evidence of style and structure unless it be so. Characterisation, as he says, is unsure; the execution is crude. The opening turns on Gloucester's murder, which is not explained. The quarrel between Bolingbroke and Mowbray is like "the work of a pre-Marlowite": indeed, Mr. Swinburne might have added that much of the play is not only rhetorical beyond the wont of the historical plays, but weakly rhetorical. Save John of Gaunt, and the just-glimpsed Bishop of Carlisle, there is not a fine male character in the play (Hotspur barely speaks). York, as the critic says, is impossible; though Shakespeare had a recognisable conception in his mind. Truth is (though Mr. Swinburne does not point this out) that York is drawn rhetorically, not dramatically. He is a character from a satire of Dryden, an antithetic sketch of Tacitus, with its pointed contrasts of flaring resolve and impotent collapse, theoretic sagacity and practical fatuity, its weak and choleric fits of senile violence, staged without the transitions which alone could make them credible on the stage. It would be a striking rhetorical portrait: it is a dramatic monstrosity. Richard himself, one must agree with Mr. Swinburne, is too effeminately callous and treacherous for real sympathy with his misfortunes. The scenes with the Queen Mr. Swinburne discerns to be chiefly idyllic eclogues, leaning in their charm towards the model of Greene. Richard has some splendid lyric poetry: the soliloquy before his death recollects Marlowe, as the critic again says; and in the groom and John of Gaunt's pathetic death-bed speech we have the most dramatic things in the play. But, as a whole, it is "diffuse and exuberant," "elegiac and Ovidian," to use his excellent phrase.

We have touched but the main features of a fine criticism, marred by some rhetoric and the lust of comparison. Cannot Mr. Swinburne forget his King Charles's head—the Book of Job? Job and "Richard II."—what an encounter!

Impressions.

XXIV.—"It is Well."

As I walked towards the Cathedral a troop of girls, short-skirted, carrying hockey-sticks, passed me on their way to the meadows. On each head was a scarlet cap.

It was the hour for service, but from my seat I could not see those who officiated: a voice rolling through the aisles, and the responses of the choir was all I heard. What I saw was the soft colour that gleamed through the high rose window, the six lighted candles that flickered above the pulpit, and beyond, against the north door, the huddle of white monuments to the memory of the successful dead. Those pretentious memorials, with their life-size figures and complimentary angels, are not attractive at close quarters; but from where I sat they composed into a great indistinguishable mass of white, not without dignity. Details were gone. The lifted hands, the upraised heads still cried aloud of success, but over all had passed the reconciling hand of death. Still and very white they looked in the dim light.

These men died with *Finis!* written at the foot of the page: "we have deserved this" is stamped on every gesture of their carven figures. On the other side of the Cathedral, in the shadow, so close to me that I could almost touch it, was a monument that is nameless. Looking up I could just see the slender hands of the recumbent figure, palm touching palm in prayer, and beneath, on either side, two kneeling men in bronze. Their heads are bowed, their eyes are on the ground, and some chance has given to the face of one a likeness to a certain writer, and to the other a likeness to a certain musician.

To each, on a day, failure came. One accepted defeat saying "It is well," the other laughed at his failure, began again, and passed on to greater triumphs. Episodes in their lives came back to me that afternoon so vividly that when the preacher stepped into the pulpit I heard no more than the text: "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." One, the writer, had set his heart upon a certain subject—"to revise that prodigious range of literature, patristic and classical, of which Erasmus was the editor." He abstained for twenty-five years, and then a strange longing for those books returned. But it was not to be, owing to a dispute in his congregation "about the hymn-book" that robbed him of rest and peace. "So I restored the eleven tall folios to the shelf and tied up the memoranda. . . . It is well."

The other kneeling figure suggests the brooding forehead and deep eyes of Beethoven, and recalls a slight, but significant episode in his musical life. He was composing his Symphony No. 8 in F., and—I quote from an analytical examination of this symphony: "He is commencing the Coda as usual with a passage similar to the beginning of the working-out, when all at once the absurdity of so doing seems to strike him. He gives two hearty laughs (in the Basses), makes a pause, and goes off with an entirely fresh idea."

The congregation moved, and I with them, past the huddle of white monuments towards the door. The hockey team was returning from the meadow. The flushed faces of the girls matched their scarlet caps.

Drama.

A Romance and a Comedy.

I AM not, of course, surprised that humanity should err, because that is, as the Latin grammar taught us, part of the definition. But I own that I am occasionally surprised at the precise methods of error which it selects for itself. In particular I do not understand why Mr. Ganthony, in writing "The Prophecy," which is now being played at the Avenue Theatre, should have fallen into traps which one would have imagined that any man of intelligence, who had reflected for half an hour on the conditions of dramatic presentation, would have had the sense to avoid. The idea on which "The Prophecy" is built up is flagrantly, and from the beginning, not a dramatic one. I do not, as a matter of fact, think that it has any vitality in it at all; but in any case it has none that can for a moment endure contact with the inevitable literalism of the stage. It is a kind of translation into the spiritual world of Siamese twinning. The souls of Daniel and David Lundier are supposed to be so closely knit together, that when Winelfin falls in love with one of them she must needs fall in love with both, and a tragic tale is started that only ends with her death. Such a theme is, to begin with, hopelessly unreal. There is nothing which answers to it in the actual psychology of twinning; and though a woman may very well be in love with two men at once, and the analysis of the situation might furnish forth the stuff of many plays, it is obviously a dissimilarity rather than a similarity of soul which is likely to be the point of departure. Mr. Ganthony, in fact, is not starting from psychology at all, but from a strange kind of folk-lore guess at the structure of the spiritual world, such as could only find its proper literary treatment in a plain fairy tale or in some morbid and artificial romance of the La Motte Fouqué school. On the stage only the shadowy method of a Maeterlinck could make it plausible, and Maeterlinck would not condescend to anything so puerile and untrue. Certainly, in Mr. Ganthony's straightforward and somewhat crudely constructed romantic drama, it is not plausible in the very least. The spiritual identity of the twins fails to maintain itself, and all you get is a buxom lady of a most coming-on disposition, who flings herself rather shamelessly at the heads of both brothers, carries on a sort of Box and Cox intrigue with them in a shady corner of her ancestral woods, and finally kills herself in order to avoid the difficulty of choosing between them. I must confess to having found the piece extremely tedious and quite lacking in the glamour of romance.

The third production of the Stage Society for the present season was "The Two Mr. Wetherbys," by Mr. St. John Hankin, whose pen is, I believe, not unknown in the agreeable pages of "Punch." I am sorry, by the way, to learn that the promised performances of "Aglavaine and Selysette" are not, after all, to come off. But I do not wonder, for to find an adequate representative of the subtle Aglavaine would tax even the considerable supply of talent which appears to be always at the disposal of the Stage Society. Heijerman's "The Good Hope" is to be substituted. "The Two Mr. Wetherbys" did not exactly give one a new thrill, but it is a competent play, and comes fairly up to the tolerably high standard set by its predecessors. Mr. Hankin calls it a "middle-class comedy," and prints on the playbill the undeniably true statement that "Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." I believe that I have said something of the same sort myself in these columns. And what is the precise thought about life which Mr. Hankin, through the medium of a humour that, if not absolutely compelling, is at least not uninviting, desires to insinuate into our understandings? I am not quite sure that Mr. Walkley

would not, if he dared, call the piece *une comédie rosse*. The moral of it appears to be the rather cynical one, that married life is likely to go all the smoother if you do not pitch the ideals too high. I daresay this may be so, but I am rather disposed to think that so strictly didactic a form of literature as comedy ought to suppress the fact. James and Richard Wetherby have married two sisters, Margaret and Constantia. These ladies belong to a strait-laced family, and they are scandalised at the idea that a husband may occasionally desire to indulge in an evening of modest dissipation at a card-party or a music-hall in London. Is not this particular ideal of domestic virtue, by the way, a little obsolescent, even in Norwood? Both brothers have a fancy for such delights. Richard indulges them openly, and a separation from Constantia is the result. James spends hypocritical days in the tedious society of prim Aunt Clara and pietistic cousin Robert, and escapes at night under the pretence of going to his club or of attending missionary meetings. An accident leads to the discovery of his guilt. His virtuous reputation crumbles into nothing. Margaret resolves to follow the noble example of her sister Constantia, and to leave him. Meanwhile Constantia has found her life apart from her husband, in a small house and on a small income, by no means a bed of roses. She is led to the conclusion that it is the part of a wife to forgive, proposes to Richard to forgive him, and is met with an ignominious refusal. Richard is very comfortable as he is, and has no wish to be forgiven. Ultimately, however, he becomes the *deus ex machina*. He points out to Margaret the moral of her sister's mistake, reduces her to tears and to wifely submission, and reconciles her to her husband. She, in her turn, persuades him to take Constantia back again. Aunt Clara and cousin Robert are sent to the right-about, and a new prospect of wedded happiness opens for the two Mr. Wetherbys, in which their harmless little dissipations are to be very properly winked at. Mr. Hankin's play is well put together, and the local colour of Norwood puritanism is neatly enough touched. I did not find it quite so verbally felicitous as some of my neighbours appeared to do. But what I am most amazed at is that it should have been thought necessary to have it produced by the Stage Society. There is no obvious reason why it should not hold its own well enough in the rough-and-tumble of the commercial stage. There are no unpleasant socialistic or pro-Boer tendencies about it. Nor does it present those literary subtleties of thought or style which require an education of the public before they can be appreciated. It is neither symbolist nor pessimist. It is just an ordinary entertaining comedy, like many which have their little measure of success and cease to be. From the Stage Society one is surely justified in expecting something a little more eccentric.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Spring Novelties.

THERE is a story of a girl, an impressionist painter, to whom a friendly oculist, having shaken his head over the condition of her eyes, presented a pair of glasses. She wore them, and for the first time saw detail and outline. When the oculist met her again her eyes were glassless. He asked the reason. Whereupon she answered that the look of nature to her naked vision—blurred, indistinct, mysterious—was much more beautiful than the normal vision given her by the corrective glasses.

Certain painters, either from a natural aberration of vision, or from intention, see nature as through a darkened

glass. Sometimes, like Le Sidaner, they see her only from one aspect. To the spring exhibition at the Goupil Gallery this French painter sends eight pictures. They are very distinctive, quite unlike anybody else's work, and as different from the scenes of our present life as a play by Maeterlinck. Le Sidaner, judging by these eight pictures, lives in a place where it is always twilight, where the ground is snow-covered, where water lies, and lighted windows gleam eternally through the pale air. Where there is no snow in his picture he still sees nature in terms of whiteness. His presentment of "Le Table" is such as a man strolling by moonlight through a French village might see in a villa garden. But if he were not Le Sidaner he could only see it in this way if he were suffering from cataract. In the garden is a table on which are displayed white crockery and white chrysanthemums on a white cloth, and against the table are white chairs—dream chairs, beautifully drawn, looming out from the mist that envelopes the scene. It is a decorative subject, not a transcript from life. Indeed, life as represented by Le Sidaner is inanimate. Human beings do not worry his pictures. One of the most attractive is "Chartres Cathedral," snow-covered, standing above her white winding roads, her lighted windows the only signs of life in a scene of beautiful desolation. Le Sidaner is the painter of silence.

The collection of pictures where he hangs ghost-like may be called an exhibition of Spring Novelties. A page of the catalogue is allocated to the names and habitations of the new exhibitors at the Goupil Gallery, where art has always been cosmopolitan—Cossaar of Amsterdam, Downie of Glasgow, Lebourg of Paris, Le Sidaner of Paris, Petrie of Glasgow, Webster of Lincoln. A star against the pictures indicate that they have been painted in Raffaelli's new colours, and I can only repeat my opinion that the new colours will have an inappreciable effect on the old method of painting. Turn from these vivid, pastel suggestive productions to Harpignies' reposeful, reasoned landscapes called "Morning" and "Evening," and you will appreciate the difference between the methods of to-day and yesterday. Mr. Bertram Priestman is one of the most successful practitioners with the Raffaelli colours. His "Cocklers, Solway Sands," is moist and fresh, and from a discreet distance has all the charm of oil painting.

There may be differences of opinion as to the period of his career at which a young painter should begin to exhibit, but everyone will agree that the pictures and designs he shows to the public should be a rigorous selection from his best work. Of the forty-five paintings, pastels, drawings and etchings shown by Mr. Augustus E. John at the Carfax Gallery, I submit that two-thirds should never have left his portfolio. He is still in the imitative period. Looking at the curious mixture of attempts that bewilders the eye on the walls of this gallery, you say: Ah! that was inspired by Goya, that by Etty, that by "Simplicissimus" or "Gil Blas," that by one of the Greek portraits in the vestibule of the National Gallery. Apparently the last thing that Mr. John and the members of his school desire is to produce a beautiful design. He will give you passages that the eye lingers on with pleasure, but almost every painting or pastel is disfigured by some exaggeration or youthful prank. His "Mumpers" is masterly in colour, and has a welcome boldness of execution, but it is spoilt by the figure of a boy who, if he was not intended to represent an idiot, certainly looks like one. His "In the Fields," two peasants, a man and a woman, tearing at each other, looks like a gross caricature of Millet's "Angelus." His "In Memoriam," a drawing of a group of mourners round a tomb, has such a flippancy about it that I can only suppose the high spirits of youth tempted him to make a burlesque of a solemn subject. Still, Mr. John has plenty of talent and imagination, and the man who could produce "Certain Bohemians,"

the etching of an "Old Man," and the graceful drawing of the child and the woman's shoulders in "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" is versatile as well as capable. But he is in too great a hurry. His stage is that of the experimentalist, and experiments should not be flashed before the public eye, even if they are novelties.

Mr. John is clever and daring. Mr. Byam Shaw is also clever and daring, and never did he dare more daringly than when he consented to illustrate Shakespeare for Messrs. Bell and Son's Chiswick edition. When artists of a remoter day—Maclise, Gilbert, Orchardson, and Gérôme—illustrated Shakespeare for Messrs. Virtue they undertook a task within human power. To each was apportioned but three or four drawings, and each could anticipate a spacious page for the setting forth of his design. Mr. Byam Shaw set out to illustrate the whole of Shakespeare with the consciousness that each drawing would be reproduced on a page under four-and-a-half inches by three. The originals of the one hundred and twelve designs which he made for the Chiswick Shakespeare may now be seen on the walls of Mr. McQueen's galleries in the Haymarket. Granting the impossibility of the task of illustrating the whole of Shakespeare, a task in which M. Gérôme and Mr. Abbey have approached nearest to success, it is astonishing that Mr. Byam Shaw should have done so well. He has followed the decorative ideal, which was wise, and perhaps unconsciously he has been influenced by the modern method of representing Shakespeare on the stage, with its appeal to the eye rather than to the intellect. Figures Mr. Shaw gives us in abundance, but they are not the living characters of Shakespeare. His "I am dying, Egypt, dying" is the stage scene, no more; his Hamlet crying "Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen," is grotesque; with some of the minor characters he is more successful, with the gaoler in "Measure for Measure," and with his "Petrucio is Coming" from "The Taming of the Shrew."

Size is the novelty at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, where over six hundred drawings are offered for the edification of the public. There are half-a-dozen drawings in this collection which would not look amiss among the oils at the Royal Academy. In Mr. Dudley Hardy's forcible fishing smack picture there are no fewer than thirty figures; in Mr. Lee Hankey's sober Maeterlinckian landscape there is a whole country side outstretched with a full length figure of a dead mother, and a living child in the foreground; in Mr. Charles Dixon's brilliant sea-piece we are presented with nothing less than the Battle of Trafalgar, with the "Victory" crashing under the stern of "Bucentaure"; in Mr. John Hassall's "The Morning of Agincourt," the figures are countless. There is capable work in each of these pictures, but I cannot say that either of them is attractive. Mr. Hassall's "Agincourt" is commendably reticent in colour, and his hard, watchful warriors have character. For the rest the exhibition is much as other years. How many times have I seen the return of a fishing fleet, a monastery terrace, a way across the common, and an Alma-Tadema woman on an Alma-Tadema marble bench. The allegorical picture is still in the hands of the few. To them comes a clever recruit—Mr. Frank Reynolds, with his "Truth the Straggler." Against a gold background, hasten, in pursuit of an attractive illusion, some twentieth century types—priest, soldier, woman of fashion, musician, jockey (his face, oddly, has the noblest look of them all), and behind lags the boy Truth, led by a jester.

This exhibition also contains three hundred and eighty-seven miniatures.

C. L. H.

Science.

Healing by Ether-Waves.

THE possibility of the need of healing arises, of course, from the ether-wave. By the most familiar form of it, which we call sunlight, we live. It supplies us with our main form of fuel—"buried sunshine"—and it affords us our own fuel or food, which under its influence is synthesized for us by the chlorophyll of plants, and is thereafter analysed and utilised by us in the form either of the bodies of dead plants or the bodies of animals which have, in the long run, derived their food from plants. The reafforestation of the Black Country, recently initiated by Sir Oliver Lodge, is therefore a service rendered to posterity. To this form of the ether-wave we owe not only the immediate origin of our existence, but our continuance therein. Sunlight is a necessary for health. It is a most powerful factor in the prevention and the cure of our principal disease, tuberculosis. We therefore build our houses for the reception of the ether-waves that reach us from the south. And of late we have taken the matter into our own hands.

The London Hospital has been the pioneer in this country of the treatment by light of the exceedingly common form of tuberculosis that attacks the skin and is known as lupus. That treatment we owe to a young Dane called Finsen; and its successful employment in London largely to Her Majesty the Queen, who is naturally interested in her young countryman's fame. Finsen selects from the radiation of an electric arc of sixty-five thousand candle power those ether-waves near and beyond the violet end of the spectrum. The red and infra-red rays, which would otherwise inflict a frightful burn, he absorbs by a layer of cold water running between the two layers of a lens of rock-crystal whereby the light is focussed upon the lupoid area. The treatment is protracted and expensive; but it is painless and certain, and its results are unequalled for appearance. Lupus is due to local skin infection and therefore attacks exposed parts, especially the face. Hence the value of a method which leaves a skin surface that is all but perfect. In this respect the X-rays, which also cure lupus, are much inferior. The other day Lord Rayleigh gave the scientific imprimatur to a new form of lamp of which one thought it worth while to suggest the trial at the "London"; which is being made. It is known as the Mercury Vapour Lamp, since the light is emitted from the vapour of mercury in a vacuum through which an electric current is passed. This is the most economical of all forms of electric light, its efficiency being double that of even the arc light. Its peculiarity, which makes one's face a blue no less than ghastly, is the entire absence of red rays. Since the famous experiment of Herschell we have known that the red are the hot rays. This light, the spectrum of which contains only a violet, a blue and a green, is therefore a cool light. It is also rich in ultra-violet rays. We have therefore a light which consists entirely of the chemical or actinic rays—the very rays which kill the tubercle bacillus and thereby cure lupus. Its cheapness and precise adaptation to the Finsen treatment may, I hope, enable the London Hospital, out of its honourable poverty, to afford to cure more patients than ever.

Still more striking is the therapeutic power of another form of ethereal vibration, the Röntgen ray—light of short wave-length. Everyone knows that it reveals bullets and needles. Some have heard that it is a very fair depilatory. But it is better news that one form of true cancer cannot survive the Röntgen rays. I must weigh my words. Anything like rash statement on this matter is sheer cruelty. At this moment no more can be said than that "rodent cancer" or "rodent ulcer" is now being consistently, surely, and painlessly cured every day

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all the world over by the application of the Röntgen rays. More may well follow.

Yet another form of ether-wave is of value to the therapist. Upon no subject of which I am aware has been and is such arrant nonsense talked. "Electricity is life," says one fatuous phrase. It is possible to sell "electric rings" and "electric belts" and "electric herbs" in London in 1903. Not so long ago there was a system which dealt out blue and yellow electricity. Many people still place an implicit belief—none the less real though incapable of verbal formulation—in the theory suggested by Galvani, the discoverer of animal electricity, and exploded by his contemporary, Volta, that electricity is the "vital fluid." A reference to this supposed occult form of energy, about which Sir Oliver Lodge has said that we know more than we do about matter, is the favourite resource of the magician, the occultist and the quack. The black cat's fur is supposed to hold, in its electrical discharges, secrets almost equal to those which Tennyson perceived the "flower in the crannied wall" to hide. As a matter of fact, electricity, compared with the simplest of the phenomena of life, is simplicity itself. But the reaction of living matter to electricity is a very complex affair, and, despite the "rings" and "belts," this form of ether-vibration is of much therapeutic value. Galvanism is valuable in preserving or restoring the nutrition of paralysed muscles. It aids absorption of any desired drug by the skin. It may be used to modify the blood supply to any part. Faradism stimulates the sensory nerves of the skin throughout; galvanism only at the moments of making and breaking the current. Faradism may therefore be used as a stimulant, and, under certain circumstances, as a disciplinary agent. High-frequency apparatus is much in vogue in France; but, as a matter of fact, the therapeutic value of electricity—by which I do not, of course, include the Röntgen radiation—is much smaller than is commonly supposed.

We are in deep water in attempting to explain the action of these different forms of ether-vibration upon protoplasm. We recognise that sunlight may be converted into heat by impact upon ordinary forms of matter. We know that on the faded day when men need "fear no more the heat o' the sun," the race is near its end; but it is also certain that ether-vibration has upon the living cell an effect which is quite distinct from its heating power. The facts may thus be summed in their lowest terms; but the "why" is not even approached therein. When certain forms of vibration are communicated to the ether which is omnipresent throughout a cancerous cell, or the tubercle bacillus (a plant without chlorophyll), these die. When, on the other hand, the ether of a chlorophyll-containing cell in the green leaf of a plant, has communicated to it the vibrations, 750 billions to the second, of a wave which left the sun eight minutes before, that cell can snatch carbon from its firm embrace with oxygen, and in so doing, can make man possible. And so one must leave off with a nescient shrug of the shoulders.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

Shakespeare's Birthplace.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that if the proposed spoliation of Henley Street and the demolition of ancient houses should be carried out to make room for a brand-new "Carnegie," a veritable landmark of Shakespeare's time will be ruthlessly destroyed

in at least one of the old buildings referred to. Its record, as proved by existing leases, is as follows: In 1563, a year before Shakespeare's birth, the dwelling was occupied by one Gilbert Bradley, glover; in 1577, it passed to one William Wilson, and a small part of it being damaged by fire, this individual got a "removal of lease," on easier terms, to enable him to put the place right again, on December 16, 1595. On 17 August, 1610, it passed to a Thomas Greene of Bishopton, yeoman, and it is suggested that this personage may have been Shakespeare's own cousin, who was also a Thomas Greene. In 1615 and 1618, the same Thomas Greene, with Elizabeth his wife, renewed the lease of the house, and on 6 July, 1662, we find it in the possession of "Thomas Greene, the elder, gent." The place has, therefore, the merit of having stood where it is now, through the whole of Shakespeare's life-time, and deserves to be spared. But that vandalism is the rule rather than the exception in Stratford (or has been, up to the present) will be realised by the fact that though an Act of Parliament exists (54 Vict. Ch. III.) whereby the "Trustees and Guardians" are told that they "shall purchase" the "house at Wilmcote, known as the house of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother," as well as "all other property" known or believed "to have belonged to Shakespeare, or his wife, parents and relations," such purchase has never been attempted in the case of Mary Arden's home, for the quaint old cottage has been turned into three cheap "tenement dwellings," and its former rustic and picturesque beauty utterly destroyed. If the lovers and students of Shakespeare do not step forward to protect and save the few remaining relics of their great Master, who is to guard them for future generations?—Yours, &c.,

MARIE CORELLI.

Stratford-on-Avon.

"Later Lyrics."

SIR,—I would ask of your kindness to let me say that the content of "Later Lyrics" was determined by Mr. Lane and his literary advisers. It is they that were over-indulgent, not I. It is strange that the critics find best in my work what I tamper with least.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN B. TABB.

Charles College, Ellicott City, Maryland, U.S.A.

"Mediaeval French Literature."

SIR,—With regard to your French correspondent's remarks about "Mediaeval French Literature," written for us and at our suggestion by the late lamented Gaston Paris, we have simply to state:—

Firstly, that the book was written by M. Gaston Paris for this particular series of 1s. Primers.

Secondly, that he fully understood for what purpose he was writing it.

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We have had frequent correspondence with Miss Lynch about this book, and this is the first occasion that she has for a moment insinuated that there was the least breach in our agreement either with herself or with M. Gaston Paris.—Yours, &c.,

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Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 182 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best description of "My Luncheon Hour." Thirty-eight replies have been sent in. We award the prize to Mr. A. E. Coppard, 27, Gladstone Place, Brighton, for the following:—

My diary, containing little more than records of those periods and notes of books, might be called "A Journal of Luncheon Hours." Set at the extreme north corner of the town our building ends where the fields and roads begin, with ploughed lands further north, east and west, and it is my happiness for one daily hour to note the changing temper of the down land, trees burgeoning, and cattle in fenced meadows; amongst the broad backs of short hills, weather stained and scattered over with sheep, in valleys deep and beneficently green. My land, as I love to call it, has grown to have the sweet quality of companions, and as it were caresses one's mood, or gay or sorry, with naive inexplicable touches. An entry last July runs: "Summer has come to its own again, the noon sun burns strongly, and the larks have a gamut of God. Your sweating body greets gladly the boon of the white topping cloud; very trim in the faint grass smile the last new flowers—the hillside is many-coloured as a Paisley shawl." Later in the year, October: "to Hodshrove; the day is full of hesitating rain and the landscape wants distinction—it seems so unchanging, so disconsolate and bare a verity, lit sometimes, but not to-day, by a heart-gleam of sun and colour, or ploughed at intervals, as it is to-day, to new tones of raw brown. I meet the same jolly-faced old cattleman driving townwards at the same hour and place each day, and I envy him; I lack something I know not what; the grass grows longer and the umbrage discolours—like my own life I think." In less fortunate days I passed my hour generally in the public library or art gallery, but these places know me no more.

Other replies follow:—

My luncheon hour is not really an hour at all, it is only twenty minutes, but what's in a name? I work in a Government office with a few hundred other women, and we lunch, or dine, or do the bun-and-tea trick in shifts of thirty minutes minus ten fully occupied with a wash and a gossip. A victim of indigestion? Why, I never even feel sleepy; that is one advantage of sitting so close to the Principal Clerk in the Section. I do know a girl who always feels the need of forty winks, but she has a desk far away from the watchful eye of her superior-in-charge, so she is entitled to some compensation, poor thing! Cheap lunches form one of the great attractions of the service; for the small sum of 8½d. one can get an excellent dinner, meat (foreign? certainly not, aliens excluded by law) and vegetables and pudding, with coffee to follow, but smoking is not yet allowed. Of course it is a disadvantage to have to "dine in," but in the summer the good, kind Government, alias "They" with a capital T, let us walk on the roof and provides an attendant to see that we do not wander beyond bounds, for real live men sun themselves on the tiles on the off-side—sometimes; not often though, for they are allowed a few minutes to take a turn in the park after lunch. Does a bell ring when it is time for us to go back to work? Oh, no! With watch in hand we keep an eye on the fleeting moments of freedom, and as the second-hand starts on its 30th round we wend our way back to our seats and resume duty like—women! [E. A. B., London.]

Three years ago I anxiously paced the Midland Station platform, Sheffield, awaiting an express train from St. Pancras. I was expecting to meet a man whom I had never seen in my life; that man was my father. For twenty years he had shirked the duties of fatherhood, and now he wanted to see his boy; that wish was gratified for the sake of another. With a hiss of escaping steam the clanging express drew up alongside of the platform; doors swung open, passengers alighted, and for a few minutes all was commotion, then as the crowd rapidly diminished I threaded my way along the platform disordered with luggage seeking this man I knew not. We met, and to this hour I cannot quite understand how we guessed each other. After the formality of shaking hands and enquiries regarding health, he led the way to the station dining room, I following, and there we had luncheon. For more than a hour I conversed with a man respectfully, whom I inwardly despised. Both of us ill at ease, both seeking words only to hide the self-communing; yet gaps yawned refusing to be crossed, and during those gaps we stared stupidly. Before we had met I had worked myself into a fever of exaltation, fully intending to speak my mind, and here I was nervous, unable to find a word, regarding stealthily an utter stranger and despicable. The feeling of stiffness relaxed, and growing calmer, master of myself, I sought inwards for those missing links which should have connected us, and I curiously wondered what a fatherly father would be like. When we parted, he slipped five pounds in my hand with a look as if stealing it. That was my luncheon hour. [P. A., Hexthorpe.]

Competition No. 183 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the titles of the twelve most interesting books announced in our Supplement this week. A plébiscite will be taken of all the lists sent in, and the competitor whose selections most nearly answer to the general opinion will receive the prize.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 25 March, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Waddell (Rev. P. Hatley), *Essays on Faith* (Blackwood) 3/6
Kittel (Prof.), *The Babylonian Excavations and Early Bible History* (S.P.C.K.) 0/6

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Holmes (D. T.), *An Outline of French Literature* (Holden)
Dobell (Bertram), edited by, *The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne, B.D., 1636?–1674* (Dobell) net 7/6
Dobell (Bertram), *Sidelights on Charles Lamb* (") net 5/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Burnley (James), *Millionaires and Kings of Enterprise* (Roy) net 21/0
Rushe (Rev. James P.), *Carmel in Ireland* (Sealy)
Lynch (George), *The Impressions of a War Correspondent* (Newnes) 3/6
Omond (G. W. T.), *The Boers in Europe* (Black) 3/6
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Brandes (George), *Poland: a Study of the Land, People, and Literature* (Heinemann) net 12/0
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